Miss. Bartholmew.

Miss. Bartholmew.

12614. c 10

THE

CARPENTER's DAUGHTER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER, OF DERHAM-DOWN; OR SKETCHES ON THE BANKS OF WINDERMERE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Let the Object of Love be careful to loſe none of its Lovelineſs.

LAVATER.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva,
FOR
WILLIAM LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.
M DCC XCI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

CARPENTER's DAUGHTER, &c.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG GIRL AT MARTIN'S.

"THERE never was, ſurely, a more lovely morning," ſaid this charming girl, "than that on which I left my father's houſe to viſit a diſtreſſed friend; but" (Here ſhe bluſhed and pauſed) "I ſhould begin my ſtory

from an earlier date, or you will ſcarcely underſtand it. You muſt know, Sir, that, young as I appear to be, I have for ſome time indulged a (I mean a young perſon of nearly my own age has for ſome time ſhewn an attachment to me, which — here ſhe raiſed her handkerchief to her eyes) poor fellow! Poor he is, indeed, Sir, and oppreſſed by many misfortunes! A circumſtance which I am aſhamed to mention." She pauſed again—" Don't think the worſe of me, Sir, for having acquaintance in a gaol; indeed, I am not a bad girl." Here ſhe bluſhed extremely, and pauſed. I took her by the hand, and paid her ſome little compliment, which encouraged her to proceed, which ſhe did thus:

" This

" This poor lad was accuſed of a crime of which, I am ſure, he was as innocent as I am, and hurried to priſon. I can ſcarcely tell you, Sir, the miſery I felt when I thought of this unfortunate young man's ſituation, expoſed as he muſt be to all the miſeries of a gaol, and as free from guilt as you are, Sir. I thought and thought on it till I could think on nothing elſe. I could employ myſelf in no way in which his image was not more in my thoughts than the work I was about. I ſaw nothing—I dreamed of nothing but my poor friend. At laſt I thought that the ſight of him might relieve me, and I was ſure my preſence would comfort him; but what could I do? I knew the ſtep I was about to take was ſuch as my parents would refuſe

their conſent to; and my friends (for I had the good fortune to gain ſome friends in a ſituation much ſuperior to my own) would blame. I was in this ſtate of mind when the ſervant of a gentleman of faſhion, who was on a viſit in the country near the place where my father lived, began to rally me on my melancholy. This man was very frequently at my father's, for, though my father himſelf did not much like him, the ſplendor of his dreſs, and the airs of conſequence he aſſumed, had their effect on the mind of my mother, and ſhe admired him extremely. He had long tried to render himſelf agreeable to me, but I really diſliked him. He perceived the ſituation of my heart, and tried to excite my contempt for the object of

my

my attachment by the moſt artful means; but, as is the caſe of every cunning man, was too proud of his art wholly to conceal it, and contrived to change my diſlike of himſelf into abhorrence.

" About the time I am now ſpeaking of, however, he began to change his conduct, and moſt artfully wound himſelf into my confidence by well-timed praiſes of the unfortunate object of my eſteem, and an affected pity for the ſituation of both. He, by theſe means, at length, drew from me the wiſh that I had long concealed in my boſom to viſit this poor priſoner. When he became acquainted with it, inſtead of oppoſing, or, as I began to fear he would, revealing it to my mo-

ther, he ſet his invention to work to ſmooth all the difficulties which lay in the way of it, encouraged, and even offered his aſſiſtance to promote my deſign. While difficulties oppoſe themſelves to the commiſſion of an imprudent act, towards which the inclination points, we may obey the dictates of prudence; but level thoſe difficulties by which our prudence is as it were fortified, and I am afraid ſhe will be eaſily overcome."—"I ſoon felt myſelf tempted to accept of his aſſiſtance, and thanked him, with tears of gratitude, when he propoſed meeting me at an adjacent village, and conducting me to a town on the high road, from which I might eaſily procure a conveyance to the county-town in which the gaol ſtands.

"On

" On the day preceding my departure, I aſked leave of my father and mother to viſit a farmer's daughter, who had been at ſchool with me, and who lived at the diſtance of eight miles from us acroſs the country. I made up a little purſe, for I thought a trifle would not be unacceptable to the dear lad; and I was never without money, for which circumſtance I was indebted to the kindneſs of the beſt and handſomeſt Lady in the world, who lived in our village: As I thought, however, that I could not be too provident in this caſe, I added to what money I had ſome pocket pieces, and a trinket or two which the ſame Lady had given to me. I made up a very ſmall bundle of cloaths for myſelf, as I intended to return immediately, and

at five o'clock, on a very beautiful morning, dreſt in ſome of my beſt things, with my bundle on my arm, I left my father's houſe, to which I never returned—to which, perhaps, I never ſhall return." Here ſhe burſt into tears again. After the agony of grief had ſubſided ſhe reſumed her ſtory: ——

"Though depreſſed with the conſciouſneſs that I was deceiving the beſt father and mother that girl ever had, yet the proſpect of this interview, the ſatisfaction I knew it would afford this unhappy boy—the aſſiſtance I was enabled to yield him—the conviction of the purity of my own intentions—and the hope I encouraged, that I ſhould readily obtain forgiveneſs for my

my little trick upon my ſpeedy return, ſpread a delicious calm over my mind. My heart was ſoftened, and, though I ſometimes felt a tear drop on my boſom as I walked, I was really happy

" At the place appointed I met the man who had ſo kindly undertaken to aſſiſt me in my plan. He was waiting for me with a one-horſe chaiſe, into which he handed me; and, deſiring me to ſit ſnug up in the corner, he put up the head, leſt I ſhould be ſeen with him by ſome of our neighbours, by which the ſhare he had in my flight might be diſcovered, and drove off. We were not long in reaching the town from which I was to ſet off for my place of deſtination. He then ordered ſome little refreſhment, and told me

that he had determined to accompany me on my ſcheme; that he did not like the idea of my taking ſuch a journey without any protector; and that he had himſelf a wiſh to ſee this lad, to whom he declared he would afford any aſſiſtance in his power for my ſake. He then ordered a poſt-chaiſe, and, upon my objecting to ſo expenſive a mode of travelling, as ill ſuited to the ſtate of my pocket, he laughed, and declared, that he ſhould take a chaiſe himſelf, whether I went or no; and that I ſhould, therefore, put him to no additional expence in going with him: In ſhort, the chaiſe came to the door of the inn, and we got into it together.

"I was ſurpriſed to learn from him, in anſwer to my anxious and repeated inquiries, how far we were from our place of deſtination; that the town from which we ſet out was full twice as diſtant as I had always ſuppoſed it to be from that to which we were going. This information, and my total ignorance of the road, ſerved to account for our travelling a conſiderable way before I began to entertain any ſuſpicions that I was deceived, and that my companion never intended we ſhould arrive at the ſpot which was the object of all my wiſhes. We had changed chaiſes once, and the ſhades of evening began already to ſurround us, when thoſe doubts, which had for ſome time begun to aſſail me, but which I had hitherto tried to check, became too

powerful to be overcome, and, in an agony of terror, I communicated them to my fellow traveller.

" The villain (for ſuch he proved) then threw off the maſk, and, with a laugh, declared that he had entertained no intention, from the moment in which he propoſed this ſcheme, that it ſhould ever be put in execution, and began immediately to make violent love to me. It is impoſſible, Sir, to paint my diſtraction: I cannot at this moment think of it without extreme pain; in ſhort, my tranſports of grief and rage were ſo violent as to alarm this fellow, who, after trying various methods to conſole me, told me, with an air of affected penitence, that, as he ſaw ſo little proſpect of

ſucceeding

ſucceeding in the hopes he had entertained that I would liſten to his paſſion, he began to be very ſorry that he had gone ſo far. He ſaid that he would, at that moment, if poſſible, reſtore me to my father and mother; but, as it was impoſſible to reach our village before the enſuing evening, I muſt reconcile myſelf as well as I could, to remaining at the next inn for that night, and that in the morning he would convey me to our village; but that I muſt not expect that he would ſee me home, for he never could look in my worthy father's face after what he had done. This promiſe he confirmed by the moſt bitter imprecations of Divine vengeance on his head, if he ſhould fail in it. I ſaw no alternative, and therefore reconciled myſelf, as well as

I could, to paſſing this night at the inn, at which we ſoon arrived.

"When we had alighted, he ordered the landlady in, and was particularly careful that I ſhould be provided with a good and ſafe chamber. I took care myſelf that this ſhould be the caſe, and after a moſt uncomfortable hour ſpent on his part in ſupping, and on mine in ſighing at the thoughts of my unhappy ſituation, I retired to my chamber; and having ſo ſecured it that I could defy all interruption, I threw myſelf on the bed. Never did I paſs a more ſleepleſs, miſerable night! The morning had, for ſome time, begun to break, when, finding myſelf cold and heavy through want of reſt, I crept under the quilt, and fell aſleep.

I do not know how long I had been in that ſituation, when I was diſturbed by a knocking at the door, and the voice of my worthleſs fellow traveller, who told me that the chaiſe was ready, if I wiſhed to return. At this ſummons I ſoon quitted my chamber. The man ſeemed hurt when he found I had not been in bed all night, and complained of my want of confidence. During breakfaſt, he called in the poſt-boy, and taxed him much about his knowledge of the road to a town which he named, and which was at no great diſtance from the village where my parents lived. The boy anſwered, that he knew both roads, and a little diſpute aroſe between them concerning the length of the way. All this tended to confirm me in the hope that this

fellow really intended to fulfil his promiſe. Alas! I was again deceived; he had bargained for the chaiſe to carry him to London, and had the precaution to put ſome cold proviſions in the ſeat, and I did not quit the chaiſe for five minutes, till we reached the metropolis; to haſten our arrival at which, he ordered four horſes at every ſucceeding ſtage. When arrived, he conveyed me to a lodging, of which I could diſcover but little; for the violent agony of mind I had endured, threw me into a fever, which became in a few days very alarming, and from which I did not recover for near ſix weeks.

" The firſt uſe I made of my returning ſtrength was to try to win over

an

an elderly woman, who attended upon me, to convey a letter to the poſt. Upon her affecting, after ſome heſitation, to conſent, I wrote to my father, giving him an exact detail of the circumſtances which had happened to me ſince I quitted his houſe, and, tho' I could not tell him whereabouts in London I was lodged, yet, as I mentioned the name of the man who had ſeduced me from home, I judged that he would eaſily diſcover me.

" This letter, however, I found afterwards, inſtead of being put into the Poſt-Office, was delivered into the hands of the villain, who had been the cauſe of all my ſorrows. It had been for ſome time a ſubject of aſtoniſhment to me, that I had not ſeen this

this man ſince the firſt night of my arrival in town, particularly as I had been for many days able to quit my chamber, when I was one morning ſurpriſed by a viſit from his maſter." Sir Harry Sapſworth entered the room. "(I thought ſo, by heavens!" cried Walſingham") "with an air of eaſy familiarity, and offered to take my hand. I did not at firſt remember him, tho' I had ſeen him before, and made him a diſtant curteſy. When he brought himſelf to my recollection, which he immediately did, it occurred to me that he had heard of his ſervant's villainy, and was come to my relief. Impelled by this idea, I ſprang toward him, and, ſeizing him by the hand, exclaimed, Oh, Sir! how glad

am

am I to ſee you."—"My dear girl," ſaid he, folding me gently in his arms, you make me extremely happy by this charming confeſſion; but why, you little ſilly creature, did you frighten yourſelf into a fit of ſickneſs?"—"Oh! Sir, I never was ſo terrified! that villain, your ſervant——."—"How!" ſaid he, with ſome alarm in his countenance, "I hope the raſcal offered you no inſult—no rudeneſs."—"Rudeneſs! Sir; is not he the cauſe of my preſent miſery?" Here Sir Harry looked perplexed, and we were both for ſome time ſilent. "I have written to my father, Sir," ſaid I; "but I am afraid my letter has been intercepted: But, now I have ſeen you I am ſatisfied. I hope, Sir, you will be ſo kind as to let my father know

know where I am as ſoon as poſſible. To this requeſt he returned no anſwer, and looked, I thought, like a man who had ſomething on his mind which he did not like to impart. After ſome general queſtions, as to the conveniences with which I was ſupplied in my preſent ſituation, he told me he would ſee that I ſhould want for nothing, and, begging me earneſtly to take care of my health, left me."

In about half an hour afterwards, as I quitted the apartment, in order to go up to my bed room, I thought I heard Sir Harry's voice below. I ſtopped on the landing-place of the firſt flight of ſtairs, from whence I caught part of the concluſion of a converſation between Sir Harry and this ſervant,

ſervant, againſt whoſe villainy I had fondly hoped he came to protect me. As they quitted the parlour, in which they had been previouſly talking, I heard the ſervant ſay, in a low voice—"I cannot help it, Sir; I have procured her for you as I promiſed. I dare not confeſs even to you, Sir, half the arts I have uſed in this buſineſs; but five hundred pounds would but poorly repay me for the trouble, expence, and anxiety of mind, I have ſuffered."

"Not ſo curſed loud," ſaid Sir Harry, though the other ſpoke in a tone of voice which would ſcarcely permit me to make out what he ſaid; and the reſt of the converſation was continued in ſo low a key, that I loſt the

the ſubſtance of it, till they left the houſe. I ſuffered extremely in beholding the little fabric of hope I had reared fall to the ground; but my mind was now inured to misfortune, and this laſt ſhock did not retard my recovery. Why ſhould I trouble you, Sir, with the few diſagreeable interviews which have taken place between Sir Harry and myſelf; inſtead of checking his inclination towards me, by an unreſtrained ſhew of contempt and averſion, I have been, I am afraid, unfortunate enough to increaſe it, and he is, when ever we meet, making me the moſt profuſe offers. The other day, in the courſe of one of thoſe airings, which he inſiſted I ſhould take for the benefit of my health, and which I am glad to take, as I flatter myſelf ſometimes, that they

they hold out a diſtant proſpect of an eſcape, he conveyed me to the houſe where I now am, partly, I ſuppoſe, hoping to ſeduce me by the ſplendor of my ſituation, and partly to undermine my principles by the ſociety of an artful woman, of a claſs of which I have, thank heaven, had no knowledge hitherto: But, ſurely, Sir, Providence has ſent you to my aſſiſtance, and I ſhall be reſtored in ſafety to the parents whom I ſo tenderly love, and who have, I am ſure, ſo deeply lamented the loſs of their only child."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Col. Walſingham, "what a providential meeting was this, with a young creature, whom it has been the object of my unceaſing labours to find out for

more

more than a month! But I beg your pardon for this interruption: I am impatient to know what methods you adopted to reſcue her from the clutches of Martin, and where you have placed her. If ſhe is now in ſafety through your means, the virtue of the act ſhall not be its ſole reward, for you have the thanks of ſuch a woman to receive!"

"Would to heaven," ſaid Seymour, "I had that title to them! At parting with her in the evening it was agreed between us, that I ſhould call on her the next day, and, in the mean time, deviſe ſome mode by which ſhe might eſcape. It occurred to me, in turning the buſineſs over in my mind, that this could be by no means ſo well effected, as by acquainting the Lady, whom ſhe had mentioned as her patroneſs, of her

ſituation.

ſituation. This Lady's name ſhe had in her narrative omitted, and I called on her the next day to inquire it, and to propoſe to the girl this ſtep. To my extreme mortification I found that ſhe had been removed that morning from Mrs. Martin's. A ſervant, it ſeems, had been placed in the houſe as a ſpy upon that lady's conduct, and had given notice of the long interview which had taken place on the preceding evening; nor have I been able to get a ſight of this unfortunate girl ſince, till laſt night, when ſhe paſſed me once at Ranelagh; but the houſe was ſo crowded, that all my attempts to find her again were vain, though, in half a minute after ſhe had paſſed me, I left ſome ladies, with whom I was walking, to purſue her.

" At Ranelagh!" exclaimed Walſingham, " ſure the dæmon of ill-luck ſhed her malignant influence laſt night! But for a train of vexatious circumſtances I ſhould have carried her from Ranelagh, for I have no doubt that ſhe was one of the two women."—" Was ever any thing ſo unfortunate! Oh! Seymour, you do not know what a bleſſing the diſcovery of that girl would afford to me! Something muſt be done, and that immediately. Could you not call on Sir Harry? but—no—I ſee that is impoſſible. Why, I have not ſeen him ſince this buſineſs. I judged it probable he might have found out that I was the perſon who had that interview with her at Martin's, and therefore deſpaired of making any diſcovery through

through him. After a pauſe Seymour went on thus:

"I will tell you what I will do, Walſingham, as you ſeem ſo deeply intereſted in the fate of this girl. The thought never ſtruck me before, I confeſs; and, I am ſorry to ſay, the diſſipation of the town ſoon diſpelled the idea of the peril in which this poor girl ſtood, and the duty, for ſuch, after what had paſſed, it certainly was, which I had entailed upon myſelf. I will call on Sir James Hardy, with whom, I believe, I have the honour to ſtand particularly well—an honour it certainly is to be eſteemed by a man ſo univerſally reſpected for talents and character. He arrived from Italy, where he has been for a conſiderable

time, a few days ago. He was guardian to Sir Harry, and has a good deal of influence over him. I will make this affair known to him, and I have no doubt but it will end propitiouſly. Walſingham thanked Seymour a thouſand times for this friendly propoſal, and that gentleman left him in ſearch of Sir James Hardy.

Sir James happened luckily to be at home when Mr. Seymour called, and received him with great cordiality. Seymour, with much delicacy as to the ſhare which Sir Harry had in the tranſaction, opened to him the ſubject of his viſit. Sir James felt his humanity very much intereſted in favour of the unfortunate girl, and his indignation, in ſpite of Seymour's delicacy,

equally

equally raiſed againſt Sir Harry, whom he promiſed, however, at all events, to ſee that morning. Seymour returned to carry this news to Colonel Walſingham, whom he found in a ſtate of extreme anxiety. His boſom, indeed, was agitated by a thouſand different ideas, which the adventure of the preceding evening, and the ſtory of the morning had given birth to. In order to diſſipate his trouble, Seymour propoſed a walk, and they ſet out, Walſingham's mind being ſo wholly engroſſed, that he never thought of aſking whether the ſervant he had left at Ranelagh was returned.

CHAP. XXIV.

A MORNING VISIT, WITH A FEW MORNING REFLECTIONS.

SIR James Hardy, divided between indignation and the ſuggeſtions of policy, which told him, that the unreſtrained effuſions of that indignation were but poorly calculated to forward his purpoſe, had arrived at Sir Harry Sapſworth's door before he had determined in what manner he ſhould addreſs him. As Sir James ſtepped up to the door, he ſaw Sir Harry at the window in a morning gown, and bowed,

bowed, and, probably, as Sir Harry was at firſt denied to him, it was to that circumſtance that he owed his admittance. When he was introduced, he found his former ward in a ſituation which melted much of his indignation into pity: That gentleman aroſe from a ſofa to receive him; his countenance was pale—his look miſerable—his eye was ſunk into his head—his hair undreſt—and his arm in a ſling. Sir James, with a look of concern, expreſſed his ſorrow at ſeeing him lame. Sir Harry ſaid, coldly and generally, that he had met with an accident, and turned the converſation to ſome other ſubject. After a kind of forced and dry diſcuſſion of ſome common-place topic, for Sir James watched an opportunity of introducing the ſubject

which was the cauſe of his viſit, and Sir Harry ſeemed little inclined to talk at all, the former ſaid—" Sir Harry, I am really at a loſs in what manner I ſhall make known to you the object of my waiting on you this morning; the theme is ſo unpleaſant, that ——." " I beg, Sir," ſaid Sir Harry, " if the theme is unpleaſant, you will ſpare me. I am, God knows, in no humour to hear the diſcuſſion of any diſagreeable ſubject juſt now."—" Sir Harry, you muſt permit me to wave ceremony on the preſent occaſion. I have known you from a boy, and though I was aware that, from an early and improper indulgence, you have been led to deſpiſe that reſtraint in the gratification of your paſſions, which is the great characteriſtic of a manly mind. Still

I thought your Honour —." — "Sir James," ſaid Sir Harry, impatiently, "if this harangue is the prelude to a challenge, you have choſen your time very ill. I have been out already this morning, Sir, and ſhall not, I believe, in a hurry, be able to go out again."—"I am ſorry for it," ſaid Sir James; "I would not irritate your mind, which ſeems already labouring under the preſſure of ſome ſiniſter event, which I have no right to inquire into. Let me come briefly to my buſineſs; there is an unfortunate girl."

Sir Harry ſtarted from the ſofa; bit his lips with anger, and walked up the room. Sir James pauſed — aroſe to meet him as he came down again, and

offered him his hand, which Sir Harry, rather coolly, took.—" Come," ſaid Sir James, " reſtore her to her parents; you cannot apply a better balm to your mind, if it is wounded by any misfortune." Sir Harry walked ſeveral times haſtily up and down the room without returning any anſwer. At length he ſeated himſelf again.

" Sir James," ſaid he, " if I were inclined to comply with your requeſt, it is out of my power: I do not know where ſhe is." Though Sir James did not abſolutely ſhake his head, Sir Harry ſaw ſomething in his countenance which implied his diſbelief of all this. — " Sir," ſaid he, " you will not, I truſt, doubt the truth of what I ſay, when I tell you, upon my honour, that I loſt her

her laſt night. She was removed, by the treachery of a raſcal I truſted, from the lodging in which I had placed her, and that loſs is the cauſe of my ſtate of mind this morning; a ſtate of miſery which, in the courſe of my life, I have never before experienced; but, Sir, that you may no longer entertain the leaſt doubt of the truth of what I aſſert, I will give you a direction to the lodgings ſhe occupied no longer ago than yeſterday. At preſent I beg you will ſpare me the pain of any farther converſation on the ſubject."—Sir James then took the addreſs, and, with a good deal of chagrin at the ill ſucceſs of his viſit, departed.

When Sir Harry ſaid that the ſtate of his mind was a ſtate of more miſery

than he had ever before felt, he, perhaps, ſpoke with more truth than generally exiſts in the trite declaration. "I was never ſo unhappy in my life," which is commonly made with as much regard to veracity as the frequent obſervation, that the day is the coldeſt or warmeſt day I ever felt, an obſervation regularly occurring on every tolerably cold or warm day throughout the year.

When the events of the preceding evening are unfolded, it will certainly appear that Sir Harry's ſituation was far from enviable; and to a man who enjoyed youth, health, diſtinction and riches, it might eaſily be the moſt unhappy he had ever experienced.

Sir

Sir Harry had, as Mr. Seymour rightly conjectured, heard from a ſervant in the houſe of a tête-à-tête which took place between that gentleman and Betſy, and, by the advice of Mr. Black, removed her to the houſe of a woman, who, after having been in good keeping, was ſuppoſed to be married to that worthy perſonage; but from whom, notwithſtanding he had, for ſome time, lived ſeparate. Under the roof of this woman Sir Harry had made as little progreſs with Betſy as before; indeed he had been latterly ſo occupied by his neceſſary attendance at Derham-houſe, that he could gain but few opportunities of ſeeing her. He had, therefore, very wiſely determined to delay his moſt ſerious attacks upon the chaſtity of this poor girl, till the

the hurry of his marriage ſhould be over, and his time more on his own hands. In the interval, his chief aim was to keep her from ſeeing any other perſon, or from being ſeen herſelf.

This was the object he chiefly recommended to his faithful ſervant, Mr. Black, who quieted his fears by aſſuring him, that he might perfectly rely on the lady with whom ſhe was then placed. Mrs. Black, indeed, was prudent enough to ſee the magnitude of the truſt repoſed in her, and was extremely watchful that Betſy ſhould not eſcape from her clutches. This lady, however, had one foible; ſhe loved drinking to madneſs, and, when a little elevated, was a good deal off her guard. In ſhort, ſhe was in this ſituation on

that

that eventful evening, when ſhe propoſed to Betſy a ſcheme to Ranelagh; Betſy, who was ever on the watch for ſome opportunity to eſcape, readily acquieſced in this propoſal. The carriage in which they went was broken down by Sir Harry's, as has been related, and poor Betſy narrowly miſſed being diſcovered both by Miſs Derham and Colonel Walſingham; the artifices of Sir Harry having prevented it in the former caſe, and a train of untoward circumſtances in the latter. It was very unfortunate that Betſy ſhould have diſcovered neither of her friends; but when the brilliant and dazzling effects of the rotunda of Ranelagh on a crowded night is conſidered as operating on the mind of a young perſon for the firſt time, that circumſtance will

will be eaſily accounted for. The voice of Betſy, which ſtruck Miſs Derham when the accident happened, in the road to Ranelagh, made an immediate impreſſion on the ear of Sir Harry, who ſprang out of his coach to prevent a diſcovery, which muſt have ruined his hopes in the Derham family for ever.

What was the ſucceſs of his attempts, both there and at Ranelagh, has been already related. Vexed at the imprudence of the woman, to whoſe care Betſy was intruſted, and more vexed at the little effect his remonſtrances had on her, Sir Harry left Ranelagh in a very bad temper, which he was compelled to diſguiſe. He had no ſooner ſat Miſs Derham down, than he ordered

ordered his coachman to drive to the houſe in which he had placed Betſy. He found nobody at home. After a few curſes, he drove to Ranelagh. Some ſtragglers remained, but the object of his ſearch was not among them. He returned to the place he had left. He waited there an hour. Nobody came. It was now near four o'clock. He went to the Mount coffee-houſe, and ordered ſomething for ſupper. He felt no inclination to eat; he ordered a bottle of Burgundy, finiſhed it in a very ſhort time, and ordered another. He had got ſome way into a third, and grew warm with the liquor, without finding his mind relieved; he determined to return in ſearch of Betſy, paid his bill, and had got to the door, when he was met and joſtled by a man who

who was entering. His ill-humour now broke forth, he was inſolent by nature and education. The perſon who was the preſent object of his ill temper, was in no humour to bear it patiently; he was one of the honourable fraternity of gameſters, and had on that evening met with a run againſt him. A challenge quickly enſued. Sir Harry went again to the houſe in ſearch of Betſy; he was again diſappointed. When Sir James Hardy ſaw him he was juſt returned from a meeting with the perſon he had inſulted at the Mount, with a wound in the arm near the ſhoulder, which, though ſlight, gave him a good deal of pain. This, with his diſappointment as to Betſy, and the weight of the wine in his head, gave him ſufficient reaſon

to ſay, that he had never before been ſo completely miſerable in the courſe of his life.

CHAP. XXV.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOME SCENES NOT MUCH FREQUENTED.

WHEN Ned Sanford quitted the priſon, the thoughts of Betſy alone occupied his mind. He promiſed old Braddyl, indeed, to return to Derham; but he ſecretly and firmly reſolved never to ſee his native village again, till he ſhould have found the charming and lamented object of his conſtant

conſtant meditation. Thus determined, though his pride at firſt revolted at the idea of applying to his own uſe any part of the money, which his humane gaoler had ſo carefully picked up, the reflection, that it might aſſiſt him in the ſearch he contemplated, induced him to accept it, and, after thanking this kind friend, and offering him whatever recompence the little ſtore itſelf would afford, an offer which was inſtantaneouſly rejected, he mounted on the roof of the firſt coach, which ſet out for London, his mind alternately raiſed and depreſſed by the hope of ſucceſs in his ſearch, or the painful idea that all his efforts might prove fruitleſs. Indeed, nothing but the ſanguine hopes which ariſe in an endleſs ſucceſſion at that period of life to which

Ned

Ned had attained, in a mind ſo replete with enthuſiaſm as his own, could for a moment have inſpired him with the moſt diſtant idea of a flattering concluſion to a ſearch ſo extremely vague as that in which he was about to engage.

In the courſe of Ned's journey, as the coach, on the roof of which he was ſeated, was rattling through a town, a horſe-man, who was coming the contrary way, attracted all his attention. If Ned was ſurpriſed at the appearance of Mr. Black (for he was the horſe-man who approached) the ſight of Ned excited a double degree of aſtoniſhment in that worthy perſonage, who had his eyes fixed on him when his horſe made that unlucky trip,

by

by which his arm was fractured. This accident, by attracting all his notice, was probably the cauſe of Ned's miſſing Colonel Walſingham, whom otherwiſe, as he ſtood in the road, he muſt have ſeen. It was about three o'clock in the morning when this coach, which, as has been obſerved, ran in oppoſition to a mail, entered the inn in London. It is not extraordinary that Ned's appearance, who was in the very dreſs in which he was tried, conſiſting of his common working jacket, a pair of leathern breeches, and yarn ſtockings, with a ſmall round hat, neither of them in the beſt ſtate of repair, did not procure him any very cordial reception at this place. It was in vain that he uſed all his rhetoric to procure a night's lodging: The hoſtler, however,

ever, who was a good-natured fellow, and would, if it had not been for the trifling inconvenience of its being occupied by the houſe-maid, have offered Ned half of his bed, directed him to a part of the town, where he told him there were houſes open to receive lodgers at every hour of the night. Ned then, as ſoon as he had ſettled with the coachman, left the inn, and paced, for the firſt time, the ſtreets of the metropolis. They were ſilent and ſolitary; the drowſy hum of a watchman walking in his ſleep, or the inarticulate growling of a diſcontented drunkard, were the only ſounds that diſturbed the dreary ſtillneſs of the ſcene, nor was the ear poiſoned by the moſt dreadful of all ſounds. The oaths and execrations of female reprobates

bates were heard no more; the laudable occupation of the guardians of the night, in driving about thoſe who cannot buy their protection for the amuſement of thoſe who can, had long ceaſed; in ſhort, none but the moſt wretched of this unfortunate ſiſterhood remained in the ſtreets, and they were huddled up together, ſtriving to ſleep away their ſorrows in the only lodging their miſeries had left them—the cold ſtone at the door of ſome deſerted houſe—a ſituation ſo forlorn, that even the auſtere virtue of a watchman was content that they ſhould occupy it umoleſted.

Wrapped up in meditation on the ſtrange novelty of the ſcene before him, Ned paſſed ſlowly on till he ar-

rived at that quarter of the town called St. Giles's; he there diſcovered a public-houſe ſtill open; it proved to be one of thoſe houſes which are kept open during the beſt part of the night, and are thence called night-houſes, for the reception of hackney coachmen and others, whoſe employment calls them forth at late hours. Ned entered this houſe, and calling for a pint of beer, aſked if he could be accommodated with a bed? He was anſwered by a lad, apparently of about his own age, and very ſhabbily dreſſed, who told him, that he would conduct him to the place where he himſelf deſigned to lodge for that night. They accordingly left this public-houſe, and Ned was conducted by his companion through two or three dirty narrow

ſtreets to one of thoſe houſes which are let out in miſerable tenements, where, to the diſgrace even of the diſgraceful police of this metropolis, the wretched infant vagrants of either ſex, the little wandering female, who, in the era of abſolute childhood, ſtrolls about with matches or hat-pins, and the lurking pickpocket, of the ſame age, are huddled into one bed for a wretched pittance from the gains of the day! Ned, to whom theſe ſcenes were as new as the deſcription of them may be to ſome readers, ſhuddered as he paſſed through an apartment, thus occupied, to a miſerable truckle-bed in the corner, on which, having depoſited the ſum of two-pence, he threw himſelf, without undreſſing, by the ſide of his companion, and, harraſſed

raſſed by the fatigue of the day, ſoon fell aſleep.

CHAP. XXVI.

AN EXAMINATION BEFORE A MAGISTRATE, OF NO VERY SINGULAR KIND.

IN a ſtreet, at ſome, though no conſiderable, diſtance from this precinct, lives the worſhipful Mr. Dier, a juſtice of the peace for the county of Middleſex. It happened on the day preceding the evening on which Ned arrived in London, that this worthy gentleman found himſelf a little ſtrait-

ened for caſh, to carry on the neceſſary buſineſs of his office, a circumſtance which was likely ſo ſeriouſly to affect the welfare of the public, that it became abſolutely neceſſary, in his opinion, to provide a remedy for the evil; he therefore called a council, conſiſting of his clerk and chief runner, at which, as it became manifeſt, upon inquiry, that none of thoſe convenant ladies, who were under the protection of his Worſhip, had afforded a pretence to call upon them for a ſupply on this exigency by any omiſſion in their weekly or monthly payments (an omiſſion which, indeed, the regularity with which buſineſs was carried on at this office, would ſcarcely permit to occur) a general ſearch was agreed on, which promiſed, beſides

ſides caſualties, if it ſhould turn out ſucceſsful, at the moderate calculation of a ſhilling for each warrant of commitment, no contemptible ſum.

In proſecution of this reſolve, the ſtreets were duly ſcowered, and juſt before the break of day, when it was ſuppoſed that the birds might be taken napping, a deſcent was meditated on certain of thoſe tenements, in one of which Ned had taken up his abode; but that ſtrict juſtice might be done, it is but fair to ſay, that it was chiefly deſigned againſt thoſe, the holders of which had been rather ſlack in their compliments to the coffers of his Worſhip. In fiſhing theſe ſtews (for ſuch, metaphorically as well as literally, they were) conſiderable advan-

tages were to be foreſeen by a man of a ſpeculative turn.

It is true, that few children, who have been ſo miſerable as to take up their abode in ſuch places, ſtand much chance of being reclaimed; though it may happen, in very early youth, that the anxious care of a parent, who has retrieved a child, may weed out the ſhoots of iniquity which, in ſo moderate a ſoil, take, perhaps, but a ſlight root; but, if it can be judiciouſly contrived, that theſe ſhoots ſhall be tranſplanted to the luxuriant hot-bed of a gaol, they will ſpeedily acquire a degree of ſtrength, which may defy every attempt at deracination. What an advantage this may prove, in a country, where, probably, by a little contrivance, at

leaſt

leaſt half the penal laws might become torpid for want of employment, need ſcarcely be pointed out.

Ned had ſcarcely got into his firſt ſleep when he was awakened by a violent noiſe. He ſtarted, and perceived three or four ruffians ſtanding near his bed, who, with many blaſphemous execrations, ordered the poor little miſerable inmates of the place to put on their rags and attend them! When this was done, during the performance of which much mirth aroſe in the minds of theſe humane retailers of juſtice, and many witty remarks were excited, each couple was accommodated with a pair of hand-cuffs, and they were all conducted to a place of ſecurity till the worſhipful Magiſtrate

ſhould be at leiſure to ſign their reſpective warrants of commitment. It had not long ſtruck nine (for the attention of this gentleman to the duties of his office was indefatigable) when the produce of the ſeveral ſearches of the preceding night was laid before him. Their reſpective names were aſked, and commitments made out, with a diſpatch, which reflected infinite credit on the ability of his Worſhip's clerk. It was in vain that many women, who had been taken up in the ſtreets, proteſted, with truth, that ſo far from being common ſtreet-walkers, they were merely purſuing their own buſineſs, or talking with their friends; in vain did they offer proof of this; in vain did two or three lads, who were apprentices, or ſervants, offer to ſend

for

for their maſters or relations—Commit was the word, and they were referred to the intereſt of their friends, if they had any, to mitigate the rage of juſtice in this rigid devotee to morals, decency, and good order at a future period. In ſhort, the innocent and the guilty, the poor miſguided female, who had barely taken the firſt ſtep in the paths of vice, and the honeſt labouring apprentice, were linked with the abandoned proſtitute and incorrigible thief, and ſent to mend their morals in a gaol! No doubt it humanely ſuggeſted itſelf to his Worſhip, that the former would imbibe a deteſtation of vice, by viewing it in its moſt odious colours, and that the latter would profit by what they had been ſo little accuſtomed to

behold—the image of virtue and decorum in the former.

The officers belonging to this reſpectable Magiſtrate knew every perſon who had been taken in the houſe with Ned Sanford, except Ned himſelf; and their curioſity was not a little excited by a new face; it promiſed ſomething; they ſet about pumping the lad, who had been found on the ſame bed with him. After ſome kind of heſitation at giving any intelligence that might hurt another, the promiſe of his liberty operated upon this boy, and he told them that he knew little more of Ned, than that he had been taken up for a robbery formerly and tried. This ſatisfactory intelligence was conveyed in a whiſper to his Worſhip, and a gentle-

man who ſat by him on the bench, and upon Ned's aſking, moſt impudently, as his Worſhip told him, whether he might not be heard before he was committed, this worthy magiſtrate, chuckling inwardly at the information he had received, demanded of him, in a voice which he thought little calculated to betray his knowledge on the ſubject, whence he came? Ned, to his extreme ſurpriſe, anſwered, in a tone of perfect ſimplicity, from the gaol at ——, where he had been tried for a highway robbery, and honourably acquitted.

"Ho! ho!" ſaid his Worſhip, "honourably, no doubt; we muſt take care, however, not to put you in a way of being acquitted again."

When Ned's commitment was made out, he ſighed deeply, and, after ſome pauſe, aſked whether he might not have the money which the officers had taken from him? The worthy Magiſtrate, with whom the doctrine of refunding was no very favourite tenet, anſwered, that it ſhould be taken care of, and Ned was going without his money, when the gentleman, who ſat by the juſtice, aſked Ned what money it was? who anſwered, that he had, when taken, half a guinea, and ſome ſilver. This gentleman, who attended the office to give information againſt ſome perſons by whom he had been robbed, was Sir James Hardy, whoſe friendly interference with Sir Harry Sapſworth has been already mentioned. His rank in life, and reſpectable cha-

racter,

racter, gave him great weight with the Magiſtrate; and, upon his obſerving that, as the money could not, in all probability, lead to any diſcovery, he thought it ought to be reſtored. Ned received it, and, his commitment being ſigned, was put into the hands of the officer to be conveyed to gaol. There was ſomething in the unaffected ſimplicity of Ned's anſwer to the queſtion of the Magiſtrate, as to the place whence he laſt came, which, though it made no impreſſion on that worthy perſonage, very much intereſted Sir James. There was ſomething alſo in his perſon, and, as he perſuaded himſelf, even in his name, which ſtruck him, and, though from an idea that there could be no great harm in keeping a lad, who, by his own confeſſion, had

once

once already been in a gaol, in ſafe cuſtody for ſome time, he did not much care to oppoſe his commitment, yet he determined to make ſome inquiries concerning him, and actually ſet about it the next day; but he had, unluckily, fruſtrated his own ſcheme by procuring the money to be returned to Ned, who was no ſooner out of the office than he received a hint, that for a trifle, well applied, he might obtain his freedom. Though Ned, whoſe eye was extremely quick, thought he perceived a very ſignificant glance darted from the juſtice to the conſtable when his money was redelivered to him, yet he judged it to be no more than a reproof for the ſlowneſs with which his orders were executed; nor did he for a moment conjecture,

jecture, that any body but the conſtable himſelf had any ſhare in the half guinea, by depoſiting which he procured his liberty; and ſurely the reader, whoſe mind is of courſe enlarged by a thorough knowledge of mankind, and an extenſive courſe of reading will moſt perfectly agree with him on this ſubject, and reject the idea, that the purity of a Magiſtrate, preſiding over the morals of this great city, could endure ſuch contamination.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE INTRODUCED.

IN the courſe of their morning's walk, as Colonel Walſingham and Captain Seymour were paſſing through St. James's-Street, they met Miſs Derham. This meeting, which was ſo direct, that he could not, by any means, avoid ſpeaking to her, was a ſad ſtroke upon poor Walſingham, who had avoided an interview with this dangerous relation, moſt aſſiduouſly, ever ſince her marriage with Sir Harry had been ſuppoſed to be ſo near a conclu-

ſion.

ſion. Situated as he was, however, he was compelled to accoſt her. This he did with viſible conſtraint—a quality that had little ſhare in the addreſs of the Lady, which was frank and open, and had in it ſomething ſo little allied to the coldneſs which it had formerly diſplayed, that her regard for her amible couſin was viſible to his friend Seymour, who, in the character of byſtander, perceived what was, perhaps, unnoticed by either of the parties engaged. As they were converſing together, the door of a banker's ſhop, oppoſite to which they ſtood, ſuddenly opened, and one of the clerks (addreſſing Miſs Derham) told her, that there was a young man in the ſhop who wiſhed earneſtly to ſpeak with her. The Lady, a good deal ſurpriſed at this,

this, aſked, with ſome reſerve in her manner, why the perſon, whoever he was, did not himſelf come out to her? In anſwer to this the clerk told her, that they had found it neceſſary to ſecure him from ſome ſuſpicions which they entertained of his conduct; that, while in this ſituation, upon ſeeing her go by, he had ſaid that he knew her, and begged earneſtly that he might be permitted to ſpeak to her. Miſs Derham, to whoſe aſſiſtance diſtreſs was a ſure claim, entered the banker's door, attended by Walſingham and Captain Seymour, and in the ſhop diſcovered old Braddyl's apprentice, Luke Level. She accoſted him with her uſual ſweetneſs, and aſked him what had brought him there, and how long he had left Braddyl's family?

"I left them on laſt firſt day, friend," quoth Luke, "and I am well pleaſed to ſee thee, becauſe it is in thy power to relieve me from my difficulty." — "I thank you for your motive, at leaſt," ſaid Miſs Derham; "but what is this difficulty?" — "Thee muſt know," ſaid Luke, "that they detain me here on account of a note, which I have preſented for payment, and which, they ſay, is not of the hand-writing of the perſon. — "Where did you get the note?" ſaid Walſingham, interrupting him. — "From Harry Sapſworth," anſwered Luke. — "Harry Sapſworth!" ſaid Walſingham, ſmiling.—"Truly," replied Luke; "I received it from Harry Sapſworth;" then turning to Miſs Derham, with the ſame cold countenance,

countenance, " friend Harry Sapſworth," continued he, " who is ſo ſoon to be wedded to thee."

Miſs Derham bluſhed deeply; nor did ſhe dare to look at Walſingham, who, feeling at that moment extremely for her, told Luke, with ſome acrimony, to ſpeak with more reſpect. To this he was only anſwered by a ſtare, compounded of ignorance and unfeeling impudence. — The clerks could ſcarcely forbear ſmiling; but the chief of them, taking up the ſtory here, told Colonel Walſingham that they had late on the preceding day detected a forgery to a conſiderable amount on Sir Harry Sapſworth, who kept caſh at their houſe; but that the perpetrators had eſcaped, as they had

ſent

ſent an ignorant boy with the bill, and, probably, ſuſpecting ſomething from the lad's long ſtay, had quitted the place at which they had appointed to meet him, when he ſhould have received the money; that their clerk had not been able to meet with Sir Harry on the preceding day, but that they had juſt ſent to him the forged notes, with that which the young man (meaning Luke) had preſented for his inſpection. Miſs Derham then told the lad that his ſituation was a very ſerious one, and again aſked him if he was ſure that he had received the note from Sir Harry?

"I received it from his ſervant, James Black," replied Luke, "which is all one, thee knoweſt."—"How," ſaid

ſaid Walſingham, "came Sir Harry's ſervant to give you ten pounds?" — "From motives of friendſhip," ſaid Luke. Walſingham repeated his queſtions ſeveral times, but could procure no other anſwer. He then (addreſſing himſelf to Miſs Derham) begged ſhe would not let this buſineſs detain her, for that he would himſelf, with pleaſure, wait the event of it.

"Will you add to your kindneſs, couſin Sidney," ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile, "by letting me know that event? for I am really intereſted in it. You have forbidden yourſelf the entrance of Derham-houſe, I know, till the diſcovery of my poor little girl." She pauſed, and checked a ſigh. — "If I have power to abſolve you, your raſh vow

ſhall

ſhall ſtand for nothing."—"Ah! my ſweet couſin," ſaid Sidney, "you know not half my motives for abſtaining from ——." Here he pauſed. "If I have any tolerable gueſs at them," ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, "they owe their moſt formidable qualities to your own imagination. In my preſent diſpoſition of mind, I am ſure they do." Here Miſs Derham, looking down, as if to adjuſt her cloak, and waving her hand to Sydney, ſaid, in a low, faultering voice, "Don't follow me; ſtay and ſee how this will end." She then hurried out of the ſhop, and left a ſenſation in the boſom of Colonel Walſingham, that he would not have exchanged for the throne of an eaſtern monarch.

The

The clerk ſoon returned from Sir Harry Sapſworth's, with ſuch an account of the bills as liberated Luke Level. It turned out, upon inſpection, that the bill which he had preſented was not forged, though thoſe which had been preſented on the preceding day were ſo. Walſingham then ordered a coach, and, leaving his friend Seymour to purſue his walk, took Luke home with him, in hopes that, through him, he might gain ſome clue in a buſineſs which every moment grew more and more obſcure.

Luke, after a long examination by Colonel Walſingham, at laſt confeſſed, that Mr. Black had cultivated a great intimacy with him, and ſet him to watch the motions of Ned Sanford; that

that he particularly queſtioned him concerning Ned's conduct at Marſton when he met him there; and that, to recompenſe him for his aſſiduity, and purchaſe his ſecreſy, as to the ſubject of their continual converſations, he had given him a note for ten pounds, and numberleſs promiſes of ſetting him up handſomely if he ſhould chuſe to ſettle in town.—" Good God!" ſaid Walſingham, with emotion, " did you ſee your companion in danger of loſing his life, without diſcloſing to any one what you knew of the tranſaction?"—" No one aſked me a queſtion," ſaid Luke, " that I did not anſwer. Friend Wharton wiſhed to know if I could tell where Edward Sanford was at ſeven o'clock. I told him I had quitted Marſton at ſix; where was the

neceſſity of telling thoſe things which were not demanded?"—"Pray," ſaid Walſingham, "what brought you to town now?" — "My mind," ſaid Luke, "hath dwelt much on the promiſes of friend Black. I became unquiet therewith, and could not reſt till I had obtained the licence of my maſter Braddyl to take a ſhort journey to the great city, not doubting that, if I could procure a ſettlement here, he would ſet me free from my indentures, for he careth little for worldly concerns ſince the loſs of his daughter." — "Poor fellow!" exclaimed Sidney. — "I wrote," continued Luke, "to James Black, addreſſing him, at his maſter, Harry Sapſworth's, to intimate that I was coming to town, and, yeſterday, when I arrived at the inn where the waggon

waggon puts up, I found that he had been waiting for me; and being compelled to retire before my arrival, had left a letter, directing me to ſee him early this morning; but in my way I thought I might as well change my note, and that led me into the perplexity in which I was when thee ſaw me but now."—"Then you were going to Sir Harry Sapſworth's?" ſaid Walſingham.—"No," ſaid Luke.—"He directed me to meet him at another place, which raiſed in me ſome admiration."—"Where is that place?" cried the Colonel, with a quickneſs that alarmed the phlegmatic Luke: He, however, pulled a letter out of his pocket, in which Walſingham found a direction to a Mr. Harris, at a houſe in the neighbourhood of Paddington;

thither, as ſoon as a hackney-coach could be procured, Walſingham drove, attended by Luke. Colonel Walſingham, though he had not ſeen Sir James Hardy ſince his unſucceſsful negotiation, and did not, therefore, imagine that Betſy was out of the cuſtody of Sir Harry, had yet no doubt that Mr. Black was privy to the concealment of her, wherever ſhe might be, and could not forbear entertaining ſanguine hopes of making ſome material diſcovery at the houſe to which Luke had been directed. They arrived in ſomething leſs than an hour, every moment of which appeared twice as long as it actually was, at a ſmall houſe in a retired ſpot, nearly ſurrounded by gardens, at the door of which they knocked repeatedly before they

could procure an anſwer. At length a woman, rather beyond the middle age, appeared, and reſolved all their queſtions concerning Mr. Harris with a reſerve and ſhyneſs, which induced Walſingham, with very little ceremony, to puſh by her as ſhe ſtood at the door into the houſe. This conduct alarmed the woman. She aſſured him that there was no perſon in the houſe but herſelf, and offered to conduct him all over it. This offer he accepted, and found what ſhe had ſtated to be true. He had at length given up this fruitleſs ſearch, and was leaning againſt a poſt, extremely chagrined at his illſucceſs, when he ſaw a woman ſtanding at the door of the next houſe, with her eyes fixed on him, and a countenance ſo completely betraying an anxiety to

communicate ſome intelligence, with which her mind was labouring, that it induced him immediately to accoſt her. After a very little converſation with her he learned that, very late on the preceding evening, a gentleman, attended by two Ladies, extremely dreſſed, had arrived at the houſe of her neighbour, of whom, ſhe ſaid, as ſhe was a very late comer, ſhe knew nothing; that the noiſe they were compelled to make in procuring admiſſion alarmed her, and that ſhe left her bed to look out of the window; that one of the Ladies, as far as ſhe could diſcern by the light of a candle which was brought out, was very young, and very handſome, and that the gentleman had his arm in a ſling. She added, that ſhe believed they had left the houſe early in the morning,

morning, as ſhe had neither ſeen nor heard of them in the courſe of the day. Colonel Walſingham had no doubt, from the deſcription, that theſe were the perſons he was in ſearch of, and retired very much vexed at having again ſo narrowly miſſed the object of his ſearch, and agitated by ſenſations extremely ſimilar to thoſe of a man, whoſe ticket in the lottery is next in number to a twenty thouſand pounds prize.

CHAP. XXVIII.

A FEW ANECDOTES CONCERNING MR. BLACK.

MR. James Black was pretty well delineated by the landlord of the inn, when he deſcribed him as one of the greateſt villains under the ſun.

The father of this gentleman was known to the world in the character of a lawyer: without being bred to, or admitted into, the profeſſion itſelf, in any one ſituation of it, he was an adept at all that kind of buſineſs which tends

to

to diſgrace it. In vain did the courts of juſtice fulminate againſt him for his practice. Over the conduct of the members of their own corps they have ſome ſway, of which ſway much depends upon their power of diſmiſſion; but they could not drive a man from his ſituation, who had no ſituation from which he might be driven. This gentleman had already been tranſported, and to the puniſhment of the pillory he was tolerably callous. His competency as a witneſs, however, being deſtroyed, he felt much of his ability, in the performance of certain duties of his profeſſion, decline, and ſaw, with pleaſure, his ſon James develope, every day, more ſtrongly the promiſe of a good perſon, and a very acute and ſubtle head. Moſt ſtrenu-

ouſly did he inculcate to him the dread of that puniſhment which had, he ſaid, ſo materially injured his father.

"Avoid, if poſſible, the pillory," ſaid he, "not that there is any thing in ſtanding there; it is no bad way of paſſing an hour; but the conſequences! If ever a period ſhould arrive, at which your oath becomes of no importance, you are a ruined man. — Whether this advice made a deeper impreſſion on the ſon than the father intended it ſhould, is doubtful: Certain it is, however, that he had ſcarcely attained the age of nineteen when he married the ſiſter of his mother, a female, whom his father had taken to his bed with leſs ceremony, and deſpiſing the groveling tricks of his ſire,

deſtined

deſtined about a thouſand pounds, of which the Lady was poſſeſſed, to ſpeculations of an higher order. He quitted the perlieus of Chick-Lane, in which he had till then reſided—hired an houſe at the weſt end of the town — ſet up a phaeton — kept a brace of hunters—and aſſociated with the beſt company he could attain to. He fell, however, by a very natural bias in fortune, into the ſociety of men of his own ſtamp. The man, who is very eaſy of acceſs, however prepoſſeſſing his appearance may be, is always to be approached with caution. The neceſſity that, for the purpoſes of villainy in the preſent day, the perpetrators of it ſhould, in expence and external ſplendor, vie with gentlemen; has given to the manners of the age, have acquired a

faſtidiouſneſs which, though much the topic of blame with half-witted men, particularly travellers, is a ſafeguard abſolutely eſſential to men of honeſty and property: to thoſe men only then, who, except a very few raw boys of diſtinction, were glad to take up with any ſociety, did Mr. Black, with all his expence, gain admittance. He found them the counterparts of himſelf, with little ability, and that little never expanded by education. Though deemed by themſelves, and the very young men around them, perſons of ſuperior talents, they poſſeſſed no one gift which approached the endowment of a human mind; but a conſummate portion of cunning, extremely reſembling the inſtinctive miſchief of a monkey; and this,

this, accompanied, as the moſt trivial talents invariably are, with a vanity which obtruded it on the eye of every obſerver, inſomuch, that the few untaught lads of rank, who, upon quitting ſchool, or college, fell into their hands, ſoon eſcaped them, though not without the loſs of ſome feathers. In this ſociety Mr. Black ſoon diſſipated the fortune, and broke the heart of his wife. He had, as related by his friend, the landlord, known various gradations, as his neceſſities compelled him to aſſume different forms. He was at one time a bailiff's follower, at another he had a ſhare in a banking houſe, which iſſued ſmall bills, and broke to the deſtruction of ſome hundreds of the moſt honeſt and laborious part of the community; he has been an advertiſing

vertiſing money-lender, and the keeper of a Faro bank, and became a bankrupt whenever it ſuited his convenience; but being driven by neceſſity to the commiſſion of a ſwindling tranſaction, the conſequences of which grew ſerious, he was compelled to quit the line he was in, and was recommended by a Mr. O'Farrel, an intimate acquaintance, to the ſervice of Sir Harry Sapſworth. He had, in the courſe of the viciſſitudes of his fortune, found himſelf, more than once, in the ſituation of a valet, a poſt higher, perhaps, than any in which birth and education had originally deſigned that he ſhould act, and he was pretty well at home in the duties of his ſtation.

He

He did not engage in the ſervice of Sir Harry without a firm reſolution to fleece him with as much dexterity and perſeverance as poſſible, till he ſhould be enabled to make up a purſe; and, as ſoon as he had accompliſhed that deſirable end, he was fully determined to embark for the Continent, and try his fortune on a ſoil leſs unfriendly to his ingenuity than this had proved. In conſequence of this determination he watched the Baronet moſt aſſiduouſly, and quickly perceived how much he was faſcinated with the unadorned charms of Betſy Braddyl. He ſoon became the confidant of his maſter on the ſubject of his love, and boldly promiſed him the gratification of his deſires, to accompliſh which, however, he let him know that a round ſum of money

money would be neceſſary. Sir Harry was vicious, more through indolence and habit than any great depravity of heart. He thought of nothing in this ſcheme but the poſſeſſion of Betſy, in whom he ſaw a very beautiful figure, extremely calculated to decorate a ſplendid equipage, which he determined to beſtow on her. Had he been acquainted but with half the villainy which Mr. Black found it neceſſary to wade through, in order to accompliſh his end, even his apathy would have been moved to horror.

When Black perceived that the chaſtity of this poor girl was thoroughly proof againſt the ſeduction of all thoſe ſcenes of ſplendor, which he contrived artfully enough to diſplay in his

his various converſations with her and her mother, he looked about for a cauſe for this extraordinary degree of virtue, for ſuch he thought it. When a man doubts the exiſtence of goodneſs, it is, at leaſt, fair to doubt that he poſſeſſes a ſingle particle of it. Mr. Black had, with a modeſty peculiar to thoſe gentlemen whoſe minds are framed like his, ſatisfied himſelf, that that which he did not find himſelf poſſeſſed of exiſted no where: In ſhort, he laughed at the idea of virtue, though he felt the exiſtence of vice. Under the influence of theſe ideas he turned to ſeek for the motive of Betſy's conduct on the preſent occaſion, and it was not long before he perceived the innocent and pure attachment, which grew every day more viſible in all her actions, towards

wards Ned Sanford. It was ſoon reſolved that this boy muſt be removed; but the means of removing him were not ſo eaſily attained. In turning the buſineſs over in his mind, the image of his father occurred to the recollection of Mr. Black. This father was now grown old and poor; but he ſtill grubbed on in the lower ſcenes of infamy. Black knew that no man had formerly been more expert in procuring perſons whoſe preſence was requiſite, or in getting thoſe out of the way who ſtood in it. In the courſe of his application to this venerable gentleman, he renewed his acquaintance with a Mr. Davis, who, not feeling the ſting of ambition as ſtrongly as young Black, had purſued the ſame principles in a lower ſphere.

Mr.

Mr. Davis had viſited, under various names, as many gaols as the benevolent Howard, and it was (as Gibbet ſays) for the good of his country that he ſhould do ſo. He had, however, the good luck, at the ſame time when Black renewed his acquaintance with his father, to be unincumbered with any of theſe patriotic duties; in truth he was, what was not very often the caſe with him, at large.

With this gentleman then was the worthy triumvirate completed, who framed the ſcheme, the event of which has been related againſt the life and liberty of this poor boy; not probably that either of them wiſhed his death: Nay, even Mr. Davis was heard to declare, that, though he puſhed

puſhed hard for a capital conviction againſt him, as the forty pounds, payable upon ſuch conviction, would have been a pretty thing in addition to the douceur which he had received from Mr. Black, yet he had determined, in the character of proſecutor, to recommend the lad to the mercy of the court. Nothing, however, is certain on this ſublunary globe. The humanity of Mr. Davis, as we have ſeen, had no opportunity for exertion. He himſelf became an object for the exertion of the humanity of others, if ſuch a quality could be excited by the inadequate puniſhment, which the failure of ſo deteſtable a plot had incurred. As, before poor Ned's acquittal Mr. Black had accompliſhed all that he intended, it became a matter

of

of indifference to him what became of the boy; but the commitment of Davis was by no means ſo; he dreaded the anger of his accomplice; he was haſtening down to him when he broke his arm; and he was no ſooner in a ſtate to be removed, than he took a ſpeedy departure for town, in order to procure bail for this reſpectable friend.

Mr. Black was received again with great cordiality by his maſter, who, to do him juſtice, was not acquainted with the true cauſe of his journey; and, having accompliſhed the firſt object of his return to town, Mr. Davis was once more turned looſe on ſociety.

Still, however, the ruin of poor little Betſy was procraſtinated by an oppoſition

oppoſition which Mr. Black's philoſophy could not account for; and he began to fear, that half the profits he had hoped for from this job would fail him; he therefore determined on a bold ſtroke at once, and, being a little in the ſecrets of his maſter's fortune, as well as of his pleaſures, he made ſome attacks on his banker, which were attended with ſucceſs; in ſhort, he had already, by a well-concerted ſyſtem of forgery, poſſeſſed himſelf of a tolerable ſum, when the news of Luke Level's intended arrival alarmed him. The bill he had given to Luke was among ſome more ſecret ſervice money, and which he had received from his maſter. He knew the ſpirit of hoarding which was in this prudent lad; and, among other forgeries, almoſt

the

the firſt that ſtruck him was, that of the note in queſtion, as it could not be detected till Luke ſhould undertake a journey to town, who would hardly raiſe the ſuſpicions of his neighbours by offering it for circulation in the country. He waited with extreme impatience at the inn for the arrival of the waggon, in which Luke was expected, till he could wait no longer, and then left the letter, which has been before mentioned. It was on his return from this place that he heard, by means of one of his accomplices, of the detection, on the ſame day, of a forgery to a tolerable amount. He took the only reſolution for a wiſe man in his ſituation, that of retiring. As he knew his maſter was at Ranelagh, he ventured to call on the Lady, whom he honoured

honoured with his name, to communicate to her ſome few particulars. He was aſtoniſhed to hear that ſhe was gone to Ranelagh likewiſe. He waited impatiently for her return, and, in waiting, an idea ſuggeſted itſelf to him; he thought if he could take off Betſy with him, in his retreat ſhe might prove an admirable hoſtage, and procure him good terms, if he ſhould be compelled to treat with his maſter. He went, to prepare the Lady of the houſe to which Colonel Walſingham attended Luke at Paddington (the only retreat which occurred to him on the occaſion) and who was no other than the nominal wife of Mr. Davis, for the ſcheme, and conveyed Mrs. Black and Betſy thither on their return from Ranelagh.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

A LONG STORY.

SOON after Ned Sanford's diſcharge from the commitment of that worthy magiſtrate, Mr. Dier, and when he had exhauſted almoſt every farthing of the remainder of the pittance which he ſaved from the fangs of the conſtable; as he was viewing the Parade, at guard-mounting, in St. James's Park, he diſcovered Colonel Walſingham in converſation with one of the officers of the guard. The moment he ſaw him diſengaged he

accoſted him; that gentleman, who was extremely rejoiced to ſee him, offered to take him into his ſervice, an offer which was moſt gratefully accepted by poor Ned, who had on that very morning come to a determination to inliſt in the regiment which was then on duty.

On the evening on which Betſy was ſo frequently ſeen at Ranelagh, Ned attended his maſter to that place, and his abſence from his poſt at the time when the carriage was called up, after preventing the Colonel's intended purſuit, compelled him in the event to return to London without him.

It happened that Ned, who, upon receiving the orders already mentioned,

ed, went immediately to the carriage, found ſome difficulty in diſcovering his way back again to that entrance of the houſe at which he had left his maſter. His ignorance of the place, and its known intricacy, ſo perplexed him, that he made ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to reach the door. At length, when he thought he had nearly accompliſhed this, a link-boy paſſed him, with the ſtump of a link in one hand, and his hat in the other, blacking the cloaths and faces, and bleſſing the honours of a Gentleman and two Ladies in their way to a hackney-coach at no great diſtance. The Gentleman's back was turned towards Ned as he paſſed, for he was very earneſtly whiſpering to one of the Ladies; in the other of whom, though

ſhe was very handſomely dreſt, Ned was convinced he ſaw the object of his early and only attachment. He was thunder-ſtruck at the ſight. He could not believe his eyes. What was to be done? He ſtepped back after her.—Colonel Walſingham's ſervant was called.—He ſtepped forward towards his maſter. — He looked round. — They were at the ſtep of the coach.—The Ladies got in.—The Gentleman, who wore the arm, which was on the ſide neareſt to where Ned ſtood, in a ſling, could only help himſelf into the coach with the other. In doing this, he turned round to d—n the poor link-boy. The light ſhone full on his face, and in that face Ned thought he diſcovered the individual features of Mr. Black.

Black.—He ran towards the coach.—He was going to ſpeak; his natural modeſty firſt checked him: "If they ſhould not prove the perſons he ſuppoſed them to be!" His prudence determined him: "If they ſhould, he might ruin all by diſcovering himſelf!" During this ſhort reflection his maſter was wholly forgotten. The coach was about to move, when Ned, agitated by a ſudden impulſe, ran forward, and jumped up behind it. The coach paſſed through the turnpike at Hyde-Park Corner, and up Park-Lane to Paddington. When it came near the place of its deſtination, it began to move ſlowly, and Ned, who gueſſed the cauſe of it, got down, and ſtood aloof. He had ſcarcely quitted it, when it turned ſhort out of the road down a

rugged lane, which ſeemed to be newly mended, with bricks and rubbiſh, and ſoon ſtopped at a door in a garden-wall, at which the coachman rang.

Ned now crept as near to the oppoſite ſide of the coach as he could, without running the riſque of a diſcovery, and was confirmed in his firſt conjectures by the well-known voice of the lovely girl within the carriage, who was vehemently complaining that ſhe was deceived. The door opened, and Black got out, followed by Betſy, who exclaimed—"Oh! heavens, protect me! Where will all this villainy end?" She ſeemed to heſitate on the ſtep of the coach, till Black, who had hold of her hand, compelled her to deſcend. The other Lady followed,

and

and they entered the garden together. The coachman, who had received his fare, now got upon his box, and began to back his horſes, that he might turn about. In attempting to do this, he found one of his wheels behind ſuddenly deſcending ſo deep a declivity, that the carriage was in danger of being over-turned. He applied his whip, however, ſo ſucceſsfully to his horſes, that he ſpeedily regained his former ſituation, when he thought it prudent to quit his box, and ring at the bell for a light. Ned no ſooner ſaw this than he ſtole round, and placed himſelf cloſe to the wall, as near the door as he could ſtand, to avoid detection. He ſoon ſaw Mr. Black open the door with a candle in his hand, who, upon the coachman's application, croſſed

the road to light him, while he endeavoured to turn about. Ned no ſooner perceived an opportunity thus afforded him of gaining the garden of this houſe unperceived than he ſeized it, and, entering it, turned ſhort to the right. He ſoon perceived himſelf intercepted by the remains of an old yew hedge which ſtood near the wall, and, creeping behind it, ſaw Black, after he had aſſiſted the coachman to regain the high road, return, lock the garden-gate after him, and, croſſing the garden, enter the houſe. Ned heard him ſecure the door; ſoon afterward the light diſappeared from a ſmall window over it, and that ſide of the houſe towards him was left in total darkneſs.

During

During this time Ned was in extreme agitation; he knew not what to do. In the firſt tumult of his thoughts he was tempted to ruſh forward, and lay violent hands on the miſcreant before him; but the little probability there appeared of reſcuing his beloved Betſy by ſo violent a mode of proceeding, led him to give up ſuch an idea.

Wrapt in reflections on this ſubject, Ned quitted his place of concealment, and, walking towards the houſe, began to reconnoitre his poſt. All was darkneſs and ſilence. He tried the door and a window on one ſide of it; they were both faſt. On the other ſide of the door he found his way impeded by a large tub placed to catch the

rain, which was conducted to it by a gutter from a penthouſe, the back of which was reared againſt the garden-wall, above which it roſe ſome feet. From a window, over the ſide of this penthouſe, Ned diſcerned a faint light, which gradually increaſed, and he was ſoon convinced that the room was occupied by ſome perſon with a candle; his ſpirits were now in alarm—it might be Betſy herſelf. On the top of the penthouſe, he could eaſily diſcover who it was. He tried to mount from the water-tub. He found it could not be done without, probably, producing a noiſe, which might alarm the whole family. He went to the corner of the penthouſe next the wall, to try if it might not be poſſible to gain the

roof

roof of it that way; the wall was old and broken; he ſoon gained the ſummit of it, and mounted from thence to that which formed the back of the penthouſe. By a cautious ſtep forward on the tiles, to effect which he gained what hold he could on the wall of the houſe, he was enabled to look in at this window. His pulſe beat with redoubled quickneſs, when he ſaw a female figure alone in the room, ſitting at a table with her back towards him. How ſhould he diſcover himſelf without alarming her; to make her turn round he ſhook the frame of the window. She ſtarted at the noiſe, and, as he expected, turned her head. What was his mortification at diſcovering a face which he did not know? At this inſtant he ſaw Black enter the

chamber. He was alarmed, and tried to recover his ſtation on the penthouſe wall; but ſpringing back ſuddenly he diſplaced a tile, on which he had fixed one of his feet, to enable himſelf to look in at the window, and it clattered down into the garden. He ſlipped inſtantly from the top of the penthouſe-wall to that part of the garden-wall which was behind it, and had ſcarcely thus covered himſelf when the ſaſh of the window was lifted up, and Mr. Black appeared at it.

"'Twas nothing but the wind, my dear," ſaid he. After a ſhort pauſe, he continued, "that girl is walking about over head ſtill; did you ſecure her door?"—"I double locked it," ſaid the Lady, "and left the key in it,

it, which is the beſt way to hinder her making any attempt at the lock, ſhould ſhe have any key about her." Black expreſſed ſome ſatisfaction at his wife's attention, and, letting down the ſaſh, ſhut the ſhutters on the inſide of the window, and retired. Ned deſcended again into the garden, almoſt mad with vexation, revolving project after project in his mind, each, upon examination, appearing more fruitleſs than the former. He was leaning againſt the wall (his mind thus occupied) when he was rouſed from his reverie by a faint voice at ſome ſmall diſtance from him. He turned his eyes towards the place from which it ſeem to proceed, when he felt every faculty abſorbed in aſtoniſhment, not unmixed with terror. From the ſpot,

towards which his attention had been called, he ſaw a faint light, beam as it were from the earth, and in the midſt of it the figure of a man, in a white garment, aſcending gradually, till he had gained the ſurface. He had ſomething like a ſmall ſack on his ſhoulder. He was followed by two other figures, the colour of whoſe garb Ned could not diſcern. As the laſt aroſe, the light vaniſhed; they moved ſlowly in a line towards the end of this little garden till they were out of ſight. Ned now heard the garden gate unlock, which relieved him from part of his amazement (for he had actually at firſt ſuppoſed them to be ſupernatural beings) and when it had been ſome minutes cloſed again, he ventured to move towards the place at which he had originally ſeen the light.

light. When he came to it, he perceived an old well, which ſeemed much decayed. He dropped a ſmall ſtone into it, and found that it was dry. After employing ſome minutes in conjectures upon the extraordinary circumſtances which had occurred, he formed the bold reſolution of deſcending into this well, and exploring what at preſent ſeemed to him ſo myſterious. As he walked round it, reflecting on the means he ſhould adopt in order to effect his purpoſe, his foot ſtruck againſt ſomething, which, upon examination, proved to be a ladder, and lay cloſe by the ſide of the well, which rendered it probable that the perſon who had ſo lately aſcended had made uſe of it. This then he placed in the well, and not, indeed, without

ſome

ſome palpitation of heart, began to deſcend. A vague idea, that it might communicate with the houſe, determined him to explore it, whatever it might be. He had ſcarcely placed himſelf on the ladder, when it ſuddenly ſunk with him about three feet. Upon coming to the bottom, he found that this was occaſioned by a wooden bottom, ſomething like the head of a caſk, which, turning upon a kind of pivot, tilted up the moment any weight was placed on the ladder. What was the joy of Ned to find juſt below this falſe bottom a paſſage, about three feet ſquare, leading, as well as he could conjecture, in a direct line for the houſe. He immediately entered it on his hands and knees, and very ſoon found himſelf in a place of a tolerable extent.

The

The firſt thing his hand occured, as he groped his way along the well, was a kind of table, on which he diſcovered a tinder-box and matches, purpoſely placed, as it is probable, near the entrance. With this he ſoon ſtruck a light, and, finding a candle, began to explore this ſubterraneous habitation. Unſkilled as Ned was in the ways of this town, it was not difficult for him to diſcover that this apartment belonged to a ſet of coiners; a large preſs and fly, ſome ſhillings in an unfiniſhed ſtate, and the metal from which they were cut, ſoon confirmed him in this conjecture. He did not doubt that this was the cellar of the houſe which, projecting under a little ſtone yard (forming, indeed, part of the garden) might eaſily communicate with

with this old well. In the corner of the apartment he diſcovered a ſmall brick ſtair-caſe, at the top of which was a trap-door, faſtened on the inſide by almoſt every mode which human ingenuity could deviſe. Theſe faſtenings, however, as he was luckily on the inſide, Ned at length overcame, and, lifting the trap, which was without hinges, and, indeed, fitted ſo nicely as to ſeem a part of the floor of a narrow paſſage, he found himſelf at laſt in the ſame houſe with his beloved Betſy! He left the candle burning in a diſtant corner of the cellar, and placing the trap not abſolutely down, but ſo that the light could not be diſcovered, he began to meditate on his plan of operations. He had, moſt providentially,

diſcovered

diſcovered from Black, that the room in which Betſy ſlept was over his own, and that the key was in the door. He pulled off his ſhoes, and tripping lightly up the ſtair-caſe, ſoon came to the door of the room which he ſuppoſed to be Betſy's. He found the key in the door, and purpoſely ſo turned as to permit him to hear, tho' there was not light enough to ſee, what paſſed within. After waiting ſome time, with his ear applied to the key-hole, he heard ſomebody ariſe from a chair, and walk ſlowly along the room; at the ſame time a deep ſigh met his ear. He could not be deceived in the ſigh—it was Betſy's. How ſhould he make known who he was without endangering a diſcovery? To open the door would alarm her too much. It

was

was no time to deliberate. He heard her approach the ſide of the room neareſt to the door. He whiſpered through the key-hole—Betſy! He heard the voice, whoſe tones were ſo ſweet to his ear, exclaim—"Oh, heavens!" and, after a ſhort pauſe, "Who are you?"—"Huſh, for heaven's ſake!" ſaid Ned, "It is Sanford." Betſy was breathleſs. Ned heard her fall into a chair. He opened the door with as little noiſe as poſſible, and in a moment was at her knees, and his arms once more encircled, what was dearer to him than the combined treaſures of all the monarchs in the world! Joy and terror for ſome time kept them both ſilent. They heard no noiſe; the houſe was undiſturbed: Ned would

not

not ſpend ſo precious a portion of time in acquainting Betſy with all the circumſtances by which he had been enabled to diſcover her. It was enough for her that he was preſent; they thought of nothing but eſcaping from this place of confinement. Betſy, whoſe alarm at this new trick of Mr. Black's, led her to remain all night in her cloaths, ſlipped off her ſhoes, after Ned's example, and followed him gently down ſtairs. When they arrived at the bottom, Ned felt his way carefully along the paſſage till he came to a door; it was locked, and the key taken away: He concluded this to be the front door, and, taking his way in an oppoſite direction, he ſoon found himſelf at the door leading to the garden, which, being only faſtened with

with bolts, Ned, with as little noiſe as poſſible, opened, and our two fugitives beheld themſelves free from all impediments, but the garden-gate, the lock of which Ned ſpeedily contrived to force back, and they gained the lane in which the coach had ſtopped. Ned here congratulated his lovely Betſy on her eſcape, with a warm embrace, and, ſeizing her by the hand, led her as quickly as the darkneſs would permit from the place of her confinement. Dark as the night was, indeed, they did not permit the graſs to grow under their feet; their fear lent them wings. Alarmed, ignorant of the road, and under extreme agitation of mind, they had traverſed a conſiderable portion of ground before they thought of forming any plan for their

their conduct; but when they found themſelves on a ſpot where four roads met, they pauſed for a ſhort time, in doubt which to purſue. Ned, who judged from the appearance of it, that the turning on the right-hand would lead them into London, where, he imagined, they ſhould be more ſafe from the purſuit of their enemies, determined on that, and turned into Tottenham-Court Road. Here they began to ſlacken their pace, and walked on more at their eaſe; but a circumſtance ſoon occurred which gave them extreme uneaſineſs. Every watchman, whom they had paſſed on the road, had been buried in a comfortable ſleep. In the ſtreets they found a few of them awake, and of theſe the attention was ſingularly arouſed by the extraordinary

appearance

appearance of theſe two young perſons. Indeed, it was calculated extremely to excite curioſity; nor could it be eaſily divined by what circumſtance a young Lady, of a moſt elegant appearance, ſhould be pacing the ſtreets at ſuch an hour in the morning, in company with a lad in livery. Had Ned thought of walking behind her, perhaps, much of this might have been obviated; but his ignorance of the town rendered it next to impoſſible that ſuch an idea ſhould occur to him, and the ſame ignorance in her, united to the terrors of her age and ſex, make it highly improbable that it could have been carried into execution with any ſucceſs.

The

The ſcrutinizing eye, with which theſe fellows regarded them, and the inclination which ſome of them diſplayed even to ſtop them for information, perplexed poor Ned extremely; he knew not what to do. His firſt reſolution was, notwithſtanding the hour, to go directly to his maſter's houſe. He aſked the firſt watchman he met with, his neareſt way to the ſtreet in which Col. Walſingham lived. He received, after a long pauſe, and a ſcrutinizing ſtare, a direction, ſo vague, that, upon a ſecond application (after he had, as well as he could, obeyed this direction) he was aſked the common important queſtion, whence he came? and told, that he was going greatly out of his way. No coach was to be ſeen: In ſhort, harraſſed to death, he

at laſt found himſelf near the public-houſe in which he had taken ſhelter on the firſt night of his arrival in town, and determined to take up his abode there till the morning's light ſhould enable him to afford a ſure protection to Betſy, under the hoſpitable roof of his maſter.

He accordingly entered, and, taking his ſeat in a box which he found unoccupied, called for ſome brandy, ſome of which, having mixed it with water, he prevailed on Betſy to drink, as well as to eat part of a cruſt of bread. In a box, nearly oppoſite to them, they perceived a young man and woman of but an indifferent appearance. The woman, whoſe fore-head was reclined on her hands, ſeemed to be aſleep, and

in

in the young man, who ſat oppoſite to her, Ned ſoon recognized the individual young fellow, whom he had before met with in the ſame place, and who had provided him with the lodging from which he had, to uſe the lawyer's term, been ſo uncomfortably ejected. Ned and his lovely partner had not been many minutes ſeated before this young man aroſe, and went to the bar. As he returned with a gill of that liquor in his hand, with which the poorer claſs of people in this metropolis are to the diſgrace of our laws permitted to poiſon themſelves daily; (a balderdaſh ſo vile, as even to be honoured by the name of Gin) the dreſs and appearance of Betſy attracted his attention. He was looking both at her and Ned with ex-

treme attention when the latter, who knew not yet the courtly art of cutting (as it is termed) his acquaintance, made himſelf known to this lad, who came up and ſhook him, though with ſome conſtraint, by the hand. After a few congratulations on this meeting, as Ned was about to open to this friend the perplexities of his ſituation, and, moſt probably, to inquire of him the way to his maſter's houſe, the lady in the other box arouſed and ſhook herſelf, and, after having ſcratched that prototype of modern faſhion and elegance, a true St. Giles's mob, which had ſlipped from its ſituation during her ſlumbers, into its place again, ſhe called her companion to her, and he flew from Ned to adminiſter the cordial, which he had prepared as a

draught, preparatory to their retiring home for the night, or rather morning; for though the dawn had not yet begun to peep, the period of its viſitation was at no great diſtance. Having, in a pretty audible whiſper, inquired who Sanford and his female companion were, whom ſhe eyed from head to foot. As ſoon as her friend was gone to the bar to pay his ſcore, the lady advanced towards Ned, and accoſted him thus: "My dear fellow, tip us your daddle; God bleſs you, my boy." Here ſhe ſeized Ned round the neck, and gave him a ſmacking kiſs. "Who would have thought of ſeeing you again?" Then turning, with great gravity to Betſy, and dropping a curteſy, "the lady will forgive my freedom—we are old acquaintance, you know." She then

ſo vehemently inſiſted upon their taking a glaſs together, that all Betſy's modeſt terrors, who was ſinking with fear at this ſtrange and boiſterous attack, and all Ned's peremptory refuſals, who was oppreſſed with ſhame and vexation, could not avail. After a glaſs had been called for of the ſame liquor, which this lady had juſt taken, and which Betſy, who more than half affronted her by her refuſals, was compelled to touch with her lips. She continued her converſation as follows:

"Well, who would have thought that the happy hour we ſpent together at Marſton ſhould have cauſed you ſo many misfortunes! The lady will excuſe me, for I dare ſay ſhe was not acquainted with you then, and ſo all's fair,

fair, you know Ma'am. I was in Ireland all the time of your miſhap, where I followed a grenadier with a recruiting party, and I never heard a word of it till this ſhambling raſcal, don't you know him? Bill Slim—He was a drum in the regiment at that time. I never heard a word about it till he ſaid he had met you not a great while ago, and then he up'd and told me of it. And nobody could prove where you was at that time! Ah, I could have told—could I not—you young raſcal? d—n me, and I would too; I'd have proved your alibi." Poor Betſy now pulled out her handkerchief, and covering her face with it, began to weep bitterly. Ned, whoſe ſoul was torn with a thouſand conflicting and painful ſenſations, taking this voluble lady by

the hand, withdrew her from the table, intreated her not to proceed on ſuch a ſubject, and the young man telling her it was time to go home, ſhe conſented to do ſo, on condition that Ned would meet her there again, to which he was compelled to aſſent.

"Ah, ſaid ſhe, looking at Betſy, I underſtand—a ſweetheart—well—ah—heaven help me—when I firſt knew you—I had not long left my own town. I followed that fellow, with whom I went to Ireland. I wiſh I had been dead before I had ſeen him: I have known nothing but miſery ever ſince." Her friend, Mr. Slim, perceiving that ſhe was growing grave, perſuaded her to drink off the remainder of the liquor, and, taking her

under

under his arm, purſued his journey homeward. As ſoon as they had quitted the room, poor Ned went up to his diſconſolate partner, and, gently taking her by the hand, attempted to ſay ſomething; but he was ſo oppreſſed, that his words died away in broken and inarticulate ſounds; when Betſy ſaid, in a faint voice, "pray inquire your way to the Colonel's — perhaps the landlord can tell it you." Ned obeyed. He was queſtioning the landlord, when a perſon, whom he had not yet perceived, advanced from a box, behind that in which Betſy ſat, and told him, that he himſelf was going the very way concerning which he was inquiring, and that he would gladly ſerve him as a guide. Ned looked at this man, who was decently dreſſed in a great coat, and a

hat flapped over his face, and after having thanked him for his civility, and paid his ſcore at the bar, took Betſy by the arm, and followed him out of the houſe.

CHAP. XXX.

A VISIT TO DERHAM-HOUSE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

COL. Walſingham grew extremely uneaſy at the abſence of Ned. It was in vain that he made every inquiry which ſuggeſted itſelf to his mind. It was in vain that he examined every conjecture which occurred to him. The

The myſtery of his abſence ſeemed every hour leſs capable of developement, and, after involving himſelf in a labyrinth of perplexity on the ſubject, he was content to leave to time the cure of that uneaſineſs in his mind which reſulted from it.

The hint which Miſs Derham had given him on the morning on which ſhe met him in St. James's-Street, ſoon weakened the determination he had made not to viſit at Derham-houſe, ſo far, that, in the courſe of the enſuing day, either through the fault of his horſe, or his own, he found himſelf at the door of this beloved manſion, where he ſaw a poſt-chaiſe and four belonging to Lord Derham. In the breakfaſt parlour he found Miſs Der-

ham, who received him with a ſweet ſmile and a bluſh, which, perhaps, was to Sydney's heart the ſweeteſt of the two.—"Ah!" ſaid ſhe, "is it you? Have you at laſt broken through your raſh reſolution?"—"How was it poſſible to keep it, when you condemned it?" ſaid he; "but, I fear, I have broken it in an unpropitious moment; by that riding dreſs, and the chaiſe at the door, you are going out."—"We are going no where, but where you may accompany us, if you have leiſure. It is ſo long ſince I ſaw you, that I don't recollect whether you are acquainted with the little ſpot my father has taken, about eight miles from town; 'tis a ſmall houſe, juſt to retire to while buſineſs keeps him in town."—"Is Lord Derham at home, then?"

then?" — "No, but I expect him every minute to accompany me down. We ſhall be able to make room for you, or, as your horſes are here, you may ride down, if you prefer it." — "Why, to tell you the truth," ſaid Colonel Walſingham, "I have been on an unſucceſsful expedition to day, and I got on horſeback with an intention, after I had paid my reſpects to you, to raiſe my ſpirits by a good rattling gallop." — "Perhaps," ſaid Miſs Derham, "if you go down with us, I may be tempted to indulge you in your wiſh, for my horſes are there, as I never ride in town, I never bring them up." As they were engaged in this converſation a ſervant entered, and gave a note to Miſs Derham,

"from

" from my father," ſaid ſhe, and ſhe read aloud:

" Dear Bab,

" I would have you ſet out directly, as it is uncertain how long it will be before I can return. I will, however, certainly join you in the evening.

Your affectionate father,

DERHAM."

" Now," ſaid Miſs Derham, " there is complete room for you in the chaiſe, and I won't tax your knight errantry, ſo far as to inſiſt upon your accompanying me on horſeback." It did not require much ſtrength of argument to perſuade Walſingham to accept of this offer,

offer, and having ordered his groom to leave word at home, that the moment they gained any intelligence of Ned they ſhould ſend to him, and to join him again as ſoon as he could with the horſes, he handed Miſs Derham into the chaiſe, and, taking his ſeat by her ſide, they rattled away, and in leſs than an hour were within ſight of their place of deſtination. This was an enchanting retreat on the banks of the Thames; it was elegantly fitted up in a modern ſtyle, and a ſmooth lawn fell in a gentle deſcent from the windows of the parlour to the very edge of the river. The day was remarkably fine; nature was every where expanding her beauties to the rays of a vernal ſun; the earlieſt flowers emitted their odours from the ſurrounding ſhrubbery. Miſs

Derham

Derham and Walſingham forgot their intended ride, and ſauntered on this lawn till dinner time. It was here, while the river danced among the reeds at their very feet, and bubbled amid the hollows of the bank, that this charming girl confided to Colonel Walſingham the ſuſpicions which had ariſen in her boſom from the conduct of Sir Harry Sapſworth at Ranelagh, and declared her fixed reſolution never to unite herſelf to him till thoſe ſuſpicions were intirely removed. "I have not yet," ſaid ſhe, "had an opportunity of mentioning them to my father; nor will it be a pleaſant taſk to raiſe the firſt obſtacle to a plan on which his heart is ſo much bent: But, I am ſure, if my doubts ſhould prove to have been well founded, he will be the firſt man to reject the alli-

ance

ance with diſdain." What a balm was this converſation to the heart of Walſingham! He had never before experienced a bliſs, in any degree, equal to that which he now felt. He wanted nothing to add to his happineſs but the ability to bleſs his charming couſin with a fortunate account of his efforts to diſcover her little favourite; but, as he had been ſo unlucky, he contented himſelf with generally ſaying ſo, in anſwer to her inquiries, without entering into any detail, the concluſion of which muſt have been ſo mortifying. The morning glided away, and dinner was announced before they had either of them thought of adjuſting their dreſs. Lord Derham was not yet arrived: Walſingham ſat down with the object of his affections to a ſmall but elegant repaſt,

repaſt, towards which, however, they neither found themſelves woo'd by much appetite. The beauty of the evening, which ſoon began to cloſe in, would not permit them to remain long at table, and Sydney eaſily prevailed on his charming couſin to take another ſtroll round the lawn. What a ſtroll was this to a man of ſuch feelings, and ſo much in love as Sydney! Miſs Derham hung on his arm in ſilence; ſhe felt herſelf happy, and true bliſs does not readily find words. Decorum, it is true, would have forbidden her to comment on her own feelings, but no ſuch reſtraint was impoſed on her enraptured kinſman; yet he was equally ſilent, and from the ſame cauſe. Was there any bleſſing on earth for which he would have exchanged the gentle

burthen

burthen of her arm! If ſhe but touched his hand in adjuſting her glove, it thrilled to his very heart. Many and many ſuch a ſtroll, thought he, with this firſt of women, might be my lot, if fate ſhould permit! Thus to paſs many a live-long ſummer's evening, perhaps accompanied by ſome dear pledge!" It would be difficult to thoſe who do not believe in ſympathy, to account for the ſigh which eſcaped Miſs Derham at this inſtant; it was a ſoft ſigh, or rather the audible ſwell of the ſatisfied boſom.

"Sighing, my fair couſin?" ſaid Sidney; "not through grief, I aſſure you," and her eyes met his. Their expreſſion was that of the pureſt benevolence, perhaps ſomething more:

"But

" But ſuch a ſcene as this inclines one to muſing, and one ſighs one knows not why. Look at the moon, how ſweetly it riſes over the oppoſite ſhore! The daſh of that diſtant oar too has ſomething ſo ſweet in it!" At this moment they heard the ſound of a carriage paſſing down the road which led to the houſe.—" My father," cried Miſs Derham, and they returned towards the houſe. In the hall they met Lord Derham, who looked harraſſed and fatigued: Upon ſeeing Sydney he immediately ſaid, " Walſingham, you are the very man I wiſhed to ſee; it is lucky that I have met with you; they then all three went into a parlour. Miſs Derham ſaid, " You look tired, Sir; do take a glaſs of wine."—" My dear," ſaid Lord Derham, " I have not yet

yet dined."—"Dear Sir, why will you harraſs yourſelf in this manner?"—"I have been all this morning, my love, about your buſineſs; give me a kiſs: I think every thing is now ſettled, or, at leaſt, will be totally ſettled by to-morrow, as my lawyer will, by that time, have peruſed all the papers that Sir Harry has put into his hands." —"Shall I order you ſome dinner, my Lord," ſaid Miſs Derham."—"Do, my dear," ſaid he, "any thing that can be got ready immediately, and leave me for a moment with the Colonel, as I have ſomething to ſay to him." —Miſs Derham withdrew, and Lord Derham addreſſed Walſingham as follows: ——

"Sydney,

" Sydney, I have a ſingular circumſtance to relate to you, which I did not chuſe to communicate before Bab, becauſe I knew it would affect her too much. You muſt know that I have ſpent almoſt the whole of this day among the lawyers, who are, without exception, the moſt tormenting fellows upon earth. After a moſt tedious morning, the gentleman, who is to inſpect the ſettlements for me, and who, to do him juſtice, has ſome common ſenſe (I mean ſome little knowledge out of his profeſſion) ſuggeſted to me, that it would be proper to gain a more accurate account than we are hitherto poſſeſſed of—of the preſent ſtate of Sir Harry's affairs. After revolving for ſome time in my mind all the different perſons, from whom there was

any

any probability that I ſhould gain proper intelligence, Sir James Hardy occurred to me. I knew perfectly well, that to a man of more ſound integrity I could not apply, and I determined to rely upon the little acquaintance I had with him, before he went abroad, for an introduction. I accordingly drove, from Lincoln's-Inn, home, to order a chaiſe to be got ready to convey me hither, and then proceeded to Sir James's. As I found that he was out of town, I was returning, when the porter came forward, and begged to ſpeak to me: Upon looking at him, I recollected that he had lived in two or three families I had known; I put down the glaſs: "Will your Lordſhip, ſaid he, be ſo kind as to inform me where Colonel Walſingham

Walſingham is to be found? I have had the honour of knowing your Lordſhip for ſome years, and it juſt ſtruck me that your Lordſhip and he were related. I ſhould not have taken the liberty of making this requeſt, but there is a poor lad in our houſe, who is extremely indiſpoſed, and who ſays he is the Cololonel's ſervant. I have juſt ſent to his houſe, but underſtand that he is out of town. The young man ſays he is ſure the Colonel would be glad to hear of him, wherever he is, and I was going to ſend again to know his addreſs; but ſeeing your Lordſhip, I took the liberty—." As I had learned at home that you were come hither with Bab, I interrupted him, and aſked "if I could ſee this boy?" — "If your Lordſhip pleaſes," ſaid the porter; "he

" he has been here theſe two days; but the doctor would not ſuffer us to aſk him any queſtions till after he had ſeen him to day."

I aſked what was the matter with him? The porter told me, that his maſter, Sir James, had found him on the road as he was going out of town two or three days ago, at a very early hour of the morning, wounded and ſenſeleſs; that he had him conveyed to his houſe, and his journey being thus interrupted, had not left town till the evening of the ſame day, which circumſtance would probably keep him ſome time longer in the country; but that it had been underſtood when he went, that he went on buſineſs, and did not mean to ſtay above three days at fartheſt. In ſhort,

I was conducted to the apartment of this lad, and was a good deal surprised when I perceived him to be the individual boy, of whom Bab and you talked so much; but the part of the story, which I wish to conceal from her, is, that which he wished particularly to communicate to you. I understood from him, that the little girl, poor Braddyl's daughter, for whom we all interest ourselves so much, had been discovered by him, but taken from him, and carried he knew not whither. The poor lad seemed almost distracted when he mentioned it, and seeing him so moved, I would not suffer him to proceed, but promised to give you immediate intelligence, and left him."

Walsingham

Walſingham was a good deal affected by this account of poor Ned's ſituation, and judging that, from a converſation with him, he might gain ſome clue which might guide him in purſuit of Betſy, he ordered his horſes, late as it was, and ſet off for London, after taking a haſty leave of Miſs Derham. This ſudden departure of Walſingham, joined to the reſerve which her father maintained as to the cauſe of it, together with the news he had communicated of the rapid progreſs of affairs in regard to Sir Harry (from which ſhe foreſaw much perplexity and confuſion, when her determination, as to an union with him, ſhould be known) filled her mind with anxiety, and ſhe retired at an early hour to her apartment, with a weight on her ſpirits, which a retroſpect of the

happineſs that bleſt the former hours of the day did but little tend to diminiſh.

CHAP. XXXI.

A JOURNEY INTO WESTMORELAND.

THE humble thatch of Braddyl's lowly, but neat, habitation, had ſcarcely witneſſed one hour of happineſs ſince the departure of Betſy. Mrs. Braddyl wept, and ſcolded by turns, though without any determinate object of anger; but Braddyl himſelf, whoſe grief was ſilent, ſuffered the more from it; his work went on heavily with him; he ſeldom ſmiled, but often ſighed; the

the neighbours obſerved his ſettled ſorrow, and ſympathized with him; nor is it eaſy to ſay to what it might not have led him, had not his attention been called forth by his younger child, the little boy whom Betſy was nurſing on the morning on which Colonel Walſingham firſt marched his diviſion through the village. This was the only remaining child now Betſy was gone, and had arrived at that age, when the gradual expanſion of the infant mind, which diſcovers itſelf in the artleſs mimicry of every thing they behold, renders children ſo exceedingly entertaining. The ſimple prattle and innocent endearments of this little fellow often beguiled the good old ſoldier of his ſorrows, and though the image of Betſy, which all his little actions

recalled, was at firſt almoſt too painful to be endured, yet time, by degrees, wore down the keener edge of the ſenſations which attended it, and the anguiſh, with which it was at firſt accompanied, became every day leſs acute; ſtill, however, Braddyl's kitchen, which has been noted before as the very temple of cheery comfort, retained no traces of its former hilarity. If it was cold enough to aſſemble round the fire, alas! what was the fire-ſide without Betſy. If, in the warmer weather, Mrs. Braddyl took her work to the window, ſtill Betſy's little ſong, who caroled like a lark, whatever her taſk might be, was wanting.

On one of thoſe evenings, which we frequently ſee towards the cloſe of the

ſpring,

ſpring, when winter ſeems to have returned to pay a farewel viſit, Braddyl, who had been working at the houſe of a neighbouring farmer, being driven home by the weather, which would not ſuffer him to proceed in his occupation, rather earlier than uſual, threw an additional faggot on the fire, and calling in a neighbour, who was ſtanding at his door, and contemplating the ſtorm, he deſired his wife to ſhut up the windows, and then ſit down to partake with them of a mug of ale, which he was going to draw. The ſtorm howled abroad—the low and labouring cloud hung on the mountains which ſurround the lake, and poured an unceaſing deluge on her troubled boſom. The cold guſts of wind which ſhook, and the ſtreams of rain which waſhed, the

ſimple faſtenings of Braddyl's cottage, ſerved but to make its inmates enjoy more the protection it afforded; they huddled cloſer to the fire, and pitied all who were expoſed to the "pelting of the pityleſs ſtorm."

The neighbour, whom Braddyl had called in, was the very farmer who had ſerved as conſtable when Ned Sanford was apprehended, and the trial of this unfortunate youth had ſupplied him with a long ſtory for at leaſt two or three evenings in every week ſince the tranſaction had happened. His ſituation at Braddyl's fire-ſide, though the moſt improper one that could exiſt for this favourite tale, calculated as it was to bring back the remembrance of a loſt daughter, had ſtill too many charms

for

for a ſtory-teller to permit, to this honeſt fellow, the omiſſion of his favourite narration. To ſay the truth, he never once thought of the conſequences of what he was about, till he heard Braddyl ſigh, and his wife ſay ſomething about her poor girl; and he no ſooner diſcovered the ſcrape he was in, than, with a clumſey kind of dexterity, he changed the ſubject into that of loſt children returning laden with riches, and making the fortunes of their parents, and of ſuch adventures, he had hundreds at his fingers ends. Tho' to a mind rendered cautious by a habit of reflection, and ſuch idle ſpeculations as have, probably, no better end than to make us diſtruſt that proſpect of happineſs which, if unſuſpected, would, at leaſt, afford us a temporary portion of

bliſs, this ſimple project of our talkative farmer would not have proved very conſoling; it had a happy effect on the honeſt pair to whom it was addreſſed, and, in the maze to which it led their imaginations, their ſorrows were for awhile compleatly loſt. — Our farmer ſaw his ſucceſs, and redoubled his efforts, till the ſpirits of the good old ſoldier were rouſed to an uncommon pitch. He placed his hand on his breaſt, and ſaid with fervor, "Though, when my mind has been depreſſed, I have thought that I ſhould never ſee my daughter again, yet I know not why I ſhould diſtruſt the goodneſs of Providence. I have never found myſelf forſaken by it yet, nor need I fear it, while I adore my Creator,

tor, and ſtrive to act juſtly by all mankind."

It was ſome little time after this that Mrs. Braddyl cried—"Hark! Sure I hear the trampling of a horſe—ſomebody is at the gate."—"The wind howls ſo," ſaid her huſband, "that I can hear nothing."—"Again!" exclaimed the good woman, and ſhe turned her chair round. A voice was now heard as diſtinctly as the ſtorm would permit, pronouncing theſe words: "Keep along the paling till you come to a little ſwing gate, and that will bring you to the houſe door."—"Oh, gracious heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Braddyl, "'tis my child's voice—my Betſy! my Betſy!" She fell back in her chair. Braddyl, with a face pale as a ſheet,

ran to his wife—" Don't flurry yourſelf ſo, my dear;" then ſtopped for an inſtant, as if to liſten—ran towards the door, and then back again to his wife. A loud knocking put an end to this ſcene. The farmer opened the door: Braddyl flew to it, and his wife followed, trembling, with a light in her hand, Betſy, for it was, indeed, the voice of our lovely little girl that they had heard, ſprang from the ſhaft of a light covered cart, which ſtood in the road oppoſite to Braddyl's gate, and in a moment was in her father's arms. The good old man caught her up, carried her into the houſe, placed her in a chair, threw himſelf into another, and ſtared about him, firſt at his wife, and then at his daughter, without being able to ſpeak a word. His friend,

who

who knew that there was part of a bottle of brandy in the corner cupboard, flew to it, and filling a glaſs, preſented it to Braddyl, who drank it off. Betſy had been no ſooner ſeated than ſhe burſt into a violent flood of tears, and Mrs. Braddyl followed her example. The good woman was eaſily perſuaded to take a ſmall quantity of the ſame cordial that was adminiſtered to her huſband, and, by dint of a few motherly remonſtrances, prevailed on Betſy to do the ſame. The perſon, who had conducted Betſy, was a neighbouring farmer, and had met with her in a town at a ſmall diſtance where a London coach put up. As he was alone he offered to conduct her to Derham, through which he was to paſs in his way home; and this offer proved a moſt

moſt ſeaſonable one to poor Betſy, who, conſidering the inclemency of the night, would have been ſcarcely able in any other way to reach her father's dwelling. Having taken a large bumper from the bottle which was going round, the farmer took his leave, and Braddyl's friend reflecting, that, in all probability, the father and mother would be pleaſed to be left alone with their daughter, wiſhed them all three joy, and retired. Braddyl, who had repreſſed his feelings as well as he could till this period, now ſtretched out his arms towards his daughter. Betſy roſe from her chair, and throwing herſelf into them, claſped him round the neck, and placing her cheek againſt his, ſobbed aloud. After a few moments Braddyl placed her on his knee,

and,

and, looking her ſteadily in the face with much affection, but with ſome perplexity in his countenance, he ſaid, in a heſitating tone, " and is—is—my Betſy—the ſame good girl ſhe ever was ?"—" Indeed, indeed," ſaid ſhe, " I hope I am."—" Enough," ſaid Braddyl, " I never doubted the purity of your mind, my girl, but the ſnares of the wicked." ——

Mrs. Braddyl now drew her chair cloſe to her huſband, and throwing her arms round her daughter as ſhe ſat on his knee, kiſſed her moſt affectionately. " I have had ſome ſnares to encounter," ſaid Betſy: " I have had ſome eſcapes too, which were ſurely providential, and I am thankful for them." Here ſhe threw up her fine eyes, which were

were yet gliſtening with tears. Her father and mother were both ſilent. Mrs. Braddyl claſped her hands together. Braddyl preſſed that of his daughter fervently, and the firſt tear that he had ſhed trickled down his furrowed cheek. Let the reader, who has felt as a parent, judge if their hearts were ſhut at ſuch a moment! In truth, they expanded with love and gratitude towards their Creator; for they had, as yet, to learn that modern philoſophy, which, by contemplating the immenſity of the Creator's works, learns to limit his power; and, as the firſt fruit of having diſcovered that our minds are infinitely too narrow to comprehend it, proceeds to confine it according to our own confined ideas.

When

When the firſt tranſports of theſe good people had a little ſubſided, Mrs. Braddyl ran to prepare ſome tea, a refreſhment which Betſy requeſted; and during this meal, and the interval which occurred between that and a ſlight ſupper, Betſy, in anſwer to their various queſtions, acquainted her parents of the whole that had occurred to her ſince the ſad hour of their parting. When ſhe came to that part of her narrative at which ſhe left the public-houſe in St. Giles's, in company with Ned, ſhe proceeded as follows, as often, as the name of her unfortunate deliverer occurred, burſting into tears —— "Poor lad," ſhe would ſay, "whatever may be his fate, I think, I ſhould be more eaſy if I knew what had befallen him. "When

we

we left the public-houſe," continued Betſy, "under the conduct of this ſtrange man, I could not get what that poor wretched girl had diſcovered concerning Ned out of my head, and I ſpoke to him about it with as much tenderneſs and gentleneſs as I could."—"Only think, Ned," ſaid I, after ſome little talk on the ſubject, "how careful we ought to be, that no one hour of life ſhould be paſſed ſo as to cauſe us to be aſhamed of it. Your being unable, or unwilling to account for this little portion of time, cauſed you to undergo a long impriſonment, and might have coſt you your life." While we were converſing on this ſubject, I found that we had got beyond the houſes into the road again. I did not like it, and expreſſed ſome apprehenſion; but the man

man aſſuring us that it was the neareſt way, we followed him, and he ſoon ſtruck into a path acroſs a field, which ſeemed to lead towards the houſes again. We had ſcarcely entered this path when I ſaw Ned ſpring aſide, and heard him exclaim, "halloo!" The fellow who conducted us, and who was then cloſe to me, immediately ſeized me round the waiſt, and I ſaw a man, whom I knew to be that vile fellow Black, in the act of making a ſtroke at Ned with a hanger, which he held in the only hand he had at liberty. I ſhrieked, and while the other man took me in his arms, Black ſtood before us, preſſing him to go on, and menacing Ned with his hanger. I ſtruggled violently, and, at a moment, when Black's attention was called towards me,

me, Ned ſprang upon him, and with one blow knocked him down, and, as I judge, attempted to ſeize his hanger; for the fellow who had, till this time, held me, now quitted me to aſſiſt his accomplice, and, under the firſt impulſe of terror, I ran as ſwift as I could along the path, which I found conducted me to the end of an unfiniſhed ſtreet. I ran a conſiderable way thro' one or two windings before I met with a watchman. The firſt I met with I applied to for protection, and, upon my giving him a little ſilver, he agreed to let me ſit in his box, and, as ſoon as he could, to carry me home to his wife, who would accommodate me with a bed. I deſcribed the ſituation of poor Ned, and intreated him to go to his aſſiſtance. Alas! my intreaties

treaties were in vain; he could not quit his poſt, nor could I very readily point out to him the ſpot on which the tranſaction had happened, as I had run up two or three turnings before I had met with him. Nothing, however, would ſatisfy me when he quitted his poſt, which was ſome time afterwards, but that he ſhould accompany me to endeavour to find out the ſpot. When we came into the fields I found all my endeavours to trace it were vain, and I returned oppreſſed with wretchedneſs. The watchman now conducted me to his wife, who, as he had promiſed, accommodated me with a decent bed. I lay down on it. It was in vain that I tried to ſleep. The image of poor Ned haunted my imagination, and deprived me of even the

ſhadow of reſt. To ſhorten my ſtory, I remained two days in this place, taking, at times, a little of ſuch refreſhment as the good woman of the houſe procured me, without being able ſufficiently to detach my mind from this ſubject to determine on any plan. At the end of this time, however, I thought of my dear and honored Lady, Miſs Derham, that by her means you might gain intelligence of me. I did not know whether the family were in town, but, having inquired my way to Derham-houſe, I went there. I learned that my Lord and young Lady were out of town. Mrs. Fitchet would fain have had me ſtay till they returned; but my impatience to ſee my dear father and mother once more, made me very deſirous of getting

ting down here as ſoon as poſſible. Mrs. Fitchet, then, having accommodated me with ſome cloaths plainer than thoſe I wore, and procured a place for me in the coach, which was to leave town that evening, I left my duty for my dear young Lady, and ſet out once more for this place. Here too!" ſaid ſhe—ſhe pauſed and ſighed. It was a tender ſigh, and ſeemed to ſay, "here too I can think of my poor Ned with more calmneſs than on the ſpot where I loſt him." Her fond parents liſtened with the moſt affectionate anxiety to her tale, and ſtrove to mitigate her ſorrows as they roſe. It was late before they retired to reſt. Though ſupremely bleſt in the recovery of their child, yet not without regret for the fate of her deliverer; while the

grief

grief of Betſy for this faithful and affectionate lad felt the firſt real alloy it had known in the tender careſſes of thoſe parents from whom ſhe had been ſo long ſeparated.

CHAP. XXXII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR, CONTRARY TO ESTABLISHED PRACTICE, CONDESCENDS TO ACCOUNT FOR CERTAIN THINGS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED.

IT happened unfortunately for our young couple, on the night on which they made their eſcape from Paddington,

Paddington, that Mr. Davis, the gentleman of whom ſuch honourable mention has been made, who was one of the three perſons Ned ſaw aſcend from the old well which communicated with the apartment appropriated to coining, returned almoſt immediately after Ned's departure with his beloved Betſy. In truth, this gentleman had made a ſmall miſtake in his preparation for the buſineſs of the morning, which compelled him to make ſo ſpeedy a retreat. Theſe three worthy perſonages were on their way to traffic with ſome reſpectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Duke's-Place, for the commodity with which they were laden, when, upon ſome inquiries being made as to the ſituation from which Mr. Davis had taken

the bag which he carried, it was diſcovered that he had committed a trifling error in burthening himſelf with a groſs or two of ſhillings, which were not in a ſtate for circulation.

Upon his return to the ſubterraneous apartment, he was a little ſurpriſed to find the ladder in the well; but he ſtaggered back petrified with horror and amazement, when he perceived the light of the candle which Ned had left burning, and was in doubt whether he ſhould not make a ſpeedy retreat by the ſame way through which he entered; but finding all quiet, he proceeded cautiouſly to explore the premiſes. When he found the trap open, he was more alarmed than ever; but after liſtening for ſome time without

hearing

hearing any noiſe, he ventured gently through it, and tapped at the door of his wife's apartment. In ſhort, Mr. Black was ſoon acquainted with this circumſtance; the elopement of Betſy was immediately diſcovered, though the means by which it was effected was a ſubject of great perplexity, and a purſuit was reſolved on, in which Mr. Davis willingly agreed to aſſiſt, as a diſcovery, though they could not imagine how, had been evidently effected, in which the life of this gentleman was materially concerned.

Black, who was convinced that the moſt diſtant chance he could poſſibly have of making terms with his maſter, was the poſſeſſion of Betſy, without reflecting that the negotiation on his

ſide muſt be carried on in a ſituation ſo extremely perilous, that little effect could be expected from it, was ſoon equipped for the purſuit, and with his friend took the ſame road which the fugitives had taken, and turned, as they had done, into Tottenham-Court Road. They had proceeded ſome way up it, and began to think they had followed a wrong track, when Ned and his companion, who had been perplexed by the intricate directions given them, entered the ſtreet at no great diſtance before them. As they had no time to deliberate, they came to a ſudden determination, that Davis, who was not known to Betſy, and they were ignorant who was the companion of her flight, ſhould follow them cloſely to take any advantage

that

that ſhould occur, and there was no villainy to which he was not competent, while Black waited aloof to aſſiſt as occaſion might require. When Davis followed them into the public-houſe he recollected Ned; but judged rightly, that the ſlighteſt concealment of his face would effectually ſhroud him from the knowledge of that young man, who, though he had been the great inſtrument in ſo materially injuring him, had ſeen him but twice. When he had decoyed this unſuſpecting young couple out of the public-houſe, he was followed by Mr. Black, who lurked at a diſtance till they had reached a ſpot fit for the execution of their project. Upon his arriving cloſer to them, his curioſity to diſcover who had aſſiſted Betſy in her elopement,

ſoon developed to him, under the diſguiſe of the livery coat he wore, the perſon of Ned Sanford. A ſudden impulſe of rage at this diſcovery probably brought the affair to a criſis ſooner than he had intended; he drew his hanger from under his coat, and aimed a violent blow at the head of his intended victim; but, alarmed by the noiſe behind him, Ned ſprung aſide, and avoided it.

As ſoon as Davis ſaw his companion on the ground, and Ned attempting to wreſt the hanger from his hand, he quitted Betſy, and ſeizing a ſhort ſtick, which he had dropped when he firſt laid hold on her, ſtruck Ned ſo violent a blow on the ſide of the head, that he fell ſenſeleſs by the ſide of Black,

following

following this blow up with ſeveral others, till Black recovered his legs, and expreſſed his determination, confirming it by many oaths, to finiſh him. This determination he would, moſt probably, have put in execution, had not they heard ſome perſon paſſing along the road. This alarmed them, and Davis expreſſing his belief that poor Ned was dead already, they ran off as faſt as they could. It was very early on the next morning that, by ſuch a combination of circumſtances, as, tho' it has nothing wonderful in it, ſo ſeldom occurs, that we are induced to wonder at it when it does, the ſame Sir James Hardy, who had formerly ſeen Ned at the office of the juſtice of peace, paſſed along this road in his way out of town, and, being told of Ned's

ſituation by his ſervants, got out of his carriage to ſee if he could aſſiſt him. When he looked at Ned's countenance, who, upon being liſted up, faintly opened his eyes, he was convinced he had ſeen him before, though he could not at firſt recollect where. That circumſtance, perhaps, had but little ſway in the reſolution he immediately formed, to have Ned conveyed to his own houſe; for Sir James was, as has been before obſerved, one of the beſt men exiſting. Ned was accordingly placed in Sir James's carriage, which drove to the houſe of that gentleman, and put into a ſervant's bed. Sir James followed him on foot, and, having underſtood, from a ſurgeon, that it was proper the lad ſhould be

kept

kept quiet, ordered every poſſible care to be taken that he ſhould not be diſturbed, and, before he ſet out in the afternoon to purſue his intended journey, had the ſatisfaction to hear from the ſurgeon, that his patient was in as fair a way as could be expected, conſidering the contuſions he had received, of the effect of which it was impoſſible, at ſo early a period, to form a competent judgment.

CHAP. XXXIII.

A DISCOVERY.

THE ſurgeon had, perhaps, a little exaggerated, when he ſaid he could not form any judgment concerning the effect of the blows which Ned had received, for when Colonel Walſingham went to viſit him at the end of two days, he found him very little incommoded, and, indeed, more hurt in mind than in body. The ignorance he was in, as to the fate of Betſy, rendered him extremely miſerable.—Colonel Walſingham ſaid all he could

to

to conſole him on this ſubject, repreſented to him the probability that ſhe was ſafe, and promiſed to ſpare no pains to diſcover her. He adviſed Ned (who was extremely anxious to get home to the Colonel's, that he might give as little trouble as poſſible to a gentleman to whom he was a ſtranger) to remain where he was till the following day, when he promiſed to reviſit, and, if it appeared adviſeable, to take him home with him. He then left him, determined in his own mind to make a farther ſearch after Betſy, but totally at a loſs for a clue to guide him in his purſuit. As Ned had been ſtunned by the firſt blow he received, he was not at all able to give any account of what afterwards became of Betſy; and though Col. Walſing-

ham attempted to perſuade this poor lad that ſhe had eſcaped from the clutches of theſe ruffians, he ſaw little reaſon to believe it himſelf, and determined to pay a ſecond viſit to the houſe at Paddington, which, from Ned's deſcription, he knew to be the ſame he had made inquiries at in company with Luke Level.

As ſoon as he had breakfaſted, on the enſuing morning he ſet out from home, ruminating on his plan: As he paſſed Derham-houſe he ſaw a ſervant juſt diſmounted at the door; as he judged that this fellow was juſt come from the country, and imagined there might be a letter for himſelf, he ſtopped to inquire. He had ſcarcely aſked a queſtion, when the door was opened by Mrs. Fitchet. —

"So,

"So, Fitchet," ſaid he, "are you turned porter to day?"—"For want of a better, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Fitchet.—"How came you not with your Lady?"—"Oh! Sir, my Lady is not one of thoſe Ladies who cannot ſtir without their woman; ſhe wants no making up, Sir. I had a ſlight cold, and ſhe ſuffered me to ſtay behind; but, Sir, I have ſuch news for my Lady, I die to tell it her; and for you too, Sir, for I am ſure you will be glad of it." She then told Colonel Walſingham of Betſy's having called there on the preceding day, and of her departure for Derham. Tranſported at intelligence, which was calculated to diffuſe ſo much happineſs, particularly towards the woman he loved above every thing on earth, he ſtepped in to diſ-

patch

patch a haſty billet to her, and, as ſoon as he had finiſhed it, ordered the ſervant, who was then at the door, to proceed back with it directly. He then ſet out for Sir James Hardy's, to convey the glad tidings to the drooping heart of poor Ned. At the door he ſaw a chaiſe and four hack horſes, covered with ſweat and dirt. On his entrance he was told that Sir James was juſt returned, and as he was proceeding along the hall, that gentleman opened the ſtudy door, and advanced haſtily to meet him. His countenance was extremely agitated. He took Walſingham by the hand: "Colonel Walſingham, may I beg the honour of a word with you in my ſtudy?" They had no ſooner entered the room, than Sir James ſhut the door,

door, and, turning to Colonel Walſingham, ſaid, "Sir, I hear that the lad above ſtairs is your ſervant; how do you find him?"—"I have not ſeen him to day," ſaid Walſingham; "but yeſterday I thought him in a very fair way, indeed."—"I am glad of it," ſaid Sir James; but one word more, Sir—pray—what is his name?"—"His name, Sir," ſaid Walſingham, whoſe countenance began to ſhew marks of great ſurpriſe at Sir James's manner, "is Edward Sanford."—"Then, thank heaven!" ſaid Sir James, "that he is in a fair way." The tears ſtood in his eyes; he drew his handkerchief acroſs them—offered a chair to Colonel Walſingham, and, ſeating himſelf by him, after a ſhort pauſe, addreſſed him as follows:

"It is proper, Colonel Walſingham, that you ſhould be informed how nearly I am related to the young man above ſtairs. Though you probably do not much recollect the father of my late ward, Sir Harry Sapſworth, you are not ignorant how contiguous his eſtate lies to that of Lord Derham; an eſtate, indeed, at which the preſent poſſeſſor has never reſided; but the ſituation of which was, probably, the primary cauſe of that connection which is, as I underſtand, about to be cemented by an union between the two families. Here Walſingham checked a ſigh, and Sir James proceeded: About a year and half before the birth of this boy, my brother, who had juſt then ſold his commiſſion in the guards, a ſtep which a very extravagant and diſſipated life had

had compelled him to adopt, went down into Weſtmoreland on a viſit to the late Sir William Sapſworth, to whom, you know, he was related, and between whom and himſelf a very great intimacy ſubſiſted. He was accompanied on this viſit by a Captain Sanford, of the regiment which he had juſt quitted, a man of a dull and heavy underſtanding, and of a ſingular formality of manners, a circumſtance, in his character, which afforded continual food to my brother's ſatyrical diſpoſition, to which ſuch food, from being habitual, became neceſſary; in ſhort, my brother could not do without Sanford, though he was extremely careful that the latter ſhould not diſcover any want of attachment or reſpect for him, which would have

effectually

effectually alienated him, if it had not produced more ſerious conſequences.

In the courſe of a morning's ramble with his gun, it was my brother's misfortune to meet with the mother of this boy, who was then ſervant to a Mr. Hope, the curate of Derham, as ſhe was returning home from a village at ſome ſmall diſtance. If I can believe the papers, which my poor brother left behind him, from which I have collected this ſtory, ſhe was uncommonly beautiful. He accoſted her—entered into converſation with her, and accompanied her to the very gate of her maſter's houſe. There was a frankneſs about her which particularly charmed my brother: Before their walk was concluded, ſhe had aſked him

in

in what part of the country he lived; his name muſt follow of courſe; itſtruck him as an excellent thing, to aſſume that of his formal friend Sanford. The involving him thus in an intrigue might afford ſome ſport, but when my brother's imagination had got the length of pourtraying him, as the unconſcious father of a child by the parſon's maid, beſieged by overſeers and churchwardens: It was irreſiſtible! Too diſſipated for reflection, and hurried away by paſſion, at an age when it bears its fulleſt ſway, he determined and executed an act, which, at a later period of life, when the paſſions had, in ſome degree, ſubſided, and reflection obtruded itſelf in their place, embittered many an hour which might otherwiſe have paſſed cheerfully along, and long goaded his

boſom

boſom with the ſtings of fruitleſs remorſe. In ſhort, he contrived ſoon to get acquainted with Mr. Hope, who was fond of ſhooting, but of too little conſequence to be noticed by any of the great men out of the confines of his own pariſh (for his only endowments were religion and virtue) and carried this gentleman over Sir James's manor, taking care, however, to avoid the houſe, leſt his real name ſhould be diſcovered, which would have alarmed the good man, and probably have cloſed his door upon him for the future.

In the courſe of this connection, and of a viſit of ſome months at Sir William's, he contrived to ſeduce this unfortunate girl, under the moſt ſolemn promiſes of marriage, for the procraſtination

tination of which he urged the auſtere pride of a ſevere father, and effectually ruined her peace of mind for the brief period of life which was afterwards allotted her. It was but a ſhort time after he had triumphed over the chaſtity of this lovely girl, that he was compelled to quit the country abruptly, and embark to fill an employ at Calcutta, which our family intereſt had procured for him, and which the derangement of his circumſtances compelled him to accept.

A long period had not elapſed after his departure, before the poor girl found that the effects of her illicit commerce with her lover muſt ſoon become viſible to the world. Let me not enlarge upon the anguiſh which

which attended this diſcovery; the anxiety of mind, which ſhe was compelled to conceal, began to have an apparent effect on her health. Her maſter perceived it, nor was he long before he gueſſed at the truth. Upon his taxing her with it, ſhe told him the whole ſtory. His virtue was not of that ſevere order, which knows not how to make allowances for the frailty of human nature. He profeſſed that religion, whoſe Great Author unceaſingly taught us forbearance and love towards one another. His cenſure of this deluded girl was mixed with the moſt healing compaſſion. He looked, however, on the crime of her ſeducer in a very different light. Though ſhe knew not where to addreſs her ſuppoſed deluder, ſhe knew that he

was in the guards; and her maſter judged that a letter, addreſſed to the horſe-guards, would reach him. He wrote, then, and addreſſed to Captain Sanford a ſolemn expoſtulation on his conduct, ſuch as he thought his duty compelled him to write, and ſuch as his ſpirit, as a man, could not but dictate, on that violation of hoſpitality, of which he judged him guilty.

How was he ſurpriſed when in anſwer he received a cool denial of the fact, with an aſſeveration the moſt ſolemn, that Mr. Sanford was at a loſs to conjecture who the Gentleman was who did him the honour to write to him; and that he was perfectly ſure he had never entered the doors of a perſon of that name during the time

time of his reſidence in Weſtmoreland. It was a ſevere tax upon the humanity of this worthy paſtor to communicate the contents of this letter to his unfortunate ſervant. This, however, he, at length, did with all the tenderneſs poſſible. "I ſee," ſaid he, after he had ſaid every thing that occurred to him to ſooth her under her misfortunes, "I ſee that he is a villain, and his conduct like that of all diſhoneſt men is low and contemptible. We muſt forget him; calm your mind; that aſſiſtance which I can give you, you ſhall never want." Among the tears, which this poor girl ſhed on this occaſion, were thoſe of gratitude to her worthy maſter. She knelt, kiſſed his hand, and retired to indulge her ſorrows alone.

From

From that moment ſhe never held up her head. When the time of her delivery approached; ſhe was ſent to the work-houſe, for the very ſlender income of her maſter would not permit him to afford her the neceſſary aſſiſtance, which, in ſpite of the ſcoffs, it might have given riſe to, he was willing to do, if he had not been deſtitute of every thing which could render ſuch a period at all comfortable. In the work-houſe then ſhe was delivered of this boy, and a fortnight afterwards expired in the arms of her worthy maſter, bequeathing to the unhappy man, who had injured her, a fruitleſs regret, which contributed to embitter the pangs of his own diſſolution. On her death, Mr. Hope wrote another letter to Capt. Sanford, ſtating at large the circumſtances I

have juſt related, and conjuring him to take care of the child. Sanford, to whom the pariſh-officers had applied, and who had directed his attorney to ſatisfy them, was outrageous at a letter, containing reproaches which he was conſcious he ſo little deſerved. He wrote to Sir William Sapſworth, and repreſented the conduct of Mr. Hope in ſuch a light, that Sir William, who was a juſtice of the peace, and poſſeſſed in common with moſt of his brethren, that quickneſs of comprehenſion, which decides on a ſtory before it has been heard half out, was convinced that the Curate was father of the child, and was deſirous of palming it upon the Captain; and this piece of intelligence, which carried with it all the weight of having been com-

communicated by a man of conſequence, was ſoon believed in the country. Mr. Hope knew this, but he ſaw the path which humanity urged him to purſue; nor was he to be diverted from it by a torrent of that obloquy which fell unfelt around him, becauſe he was conſcious he had not deſerved it. In ſhort, he took on himſelf the care of the poor deſerted boy; he beſtowed as much time as he could ſpare from his neceſſary avocations on his education, and aſſiſted him as far as his ſlender income would permit, till that hour arrived, when he was called to receive the reward of a life, as blameleſs as the frailty of his nature would permit it to be.

During this time my brother, who was creating and deſtroying at the ſame moment a very ſplendid fortune at Calcutta, intirely loſt the memory of this tranſaction, among the other irregularities of youth, till a ſingular circumſtance awakened him to a recollection of it, accompanied by that remorſe to which a body enervated by an unremitting courſe of luxury, and the gradual advance of age had rendered his mind feelingly alive.

Between fifteen and ſixteen years after my brother's departure from this country, Sanford, who had obtained a very lucrative appointment in the company's ſervice, arrived at Calcutta. The meeting between theſe old companions was accompanied by all that

pleaſure

pleaſure which attends the renewal of a former intimacy. The tales of old times went round, and Sanford related with much indignation the trick which had been attempted by the Curate of Derham. You may eaſily judge what were my brother's feelings on this occaſion. The death of the unoffending girl, in the bloom of youth, a fate to which his unkindneſs had probably condemned her!—to have a ſon, probably a deſolate and friendleſs vagabond on the face of the earth!—he wrote immediately to me a haſty detail of the buſineſs, begging that I would find out this boy, if living. I was in Italy at the period when his letter arrived, and it followed me thither. You know, probably, that I had the honour to ſuſtain a public poſt of ſome importance in

one of the Italian ſtates. This letter reached me on the evening before my departure for England, which I took on board one of the chart ſhips in the Mediterranean trade. It was very late when I returned home, harraſſed and fatigued, from a long conference on public affairs previous to my departure. This letter was put into my hands by my valet de chambre. I read it—threw it among ſome other papers—flung myſelf haſtily into bed, and lay ruminating on its contents till ſleep ſurpriſed me. In the morning, I had forgotten the name of the boy, to the recollection of which I had no clue to conduct my mind; for as I was abroad during great part of my brother's youth, I had never heard even the name of his friend Sanford. I aſked

for

for my letter. My ſervant told me he had packed all the looſe papers in the bottom of a trunk, which was already on its way on board, as was all my baggage, for the wind was fair. It is not material, ſaid I, I ſhall ſee it as ſoon as I arrive in London.

When I inſpected my trunks, on my arrival, I had the mortification to find that this letter was miſſing. Extremely vexed at a circumſtance ſo unfortunate, I determined to find out ſome of my brother's old friends, among whom I ſhould, probably, come at the name of the officer on whom he had played this trick, and I thought I ſhould recollect it upon hearing it. During this time I had occaſion to attend at the public-office of one of the juſtices of peace

in this city. The very lad, who is the ſubject of this ſtory, was brought before him. His name, when mentioned, ſtruck my ear, not, I confeſs, immediately as the name which I had been ſo long trying my recollection for, but ſimply as a name I had heard ſome where. There was ſomething artleſs in the boy's ſtory, which gained my attention; I determined to viſit him in the gaol, to which he was conſigned, when I found that the officer, to whoſe care he was intruſted, had permitted him to eſcape.

Some time after this I received the melancholy news of the death of my brother, with a conſignment, by his particular deſire, of all his papers, among which I found this ſtory detailed

pretty

pretty much at large. As I was ſetting out the other morning for Weſtmoreland, in order, as far as poſſible, to execute my brother's laſt wiſhes on this occaſion, my ſervants diſcovered young Sanford by the road ſide, in the ſituation which has, doubtleſs, been deſcribed to you.

Altered as his dreſs was from that in which I had laſt ſeen him, and diſguiſed as his face was with blood, I ſtill diſcovered ſomething in his features that were not unknown to me; but it was not till I had made farther diſcoveries that I was enabled ſo far to combine circumſtances as to recollect in this boy the features which I had ſeen before the juſtice, and to encourage a ſtrong hope that he might be

the object of my purſuit. In ſhort, I was within a few hours of my journey's end, when, at the door of an inn where I ſtopped for refreſhment, I was accoſted by a gentleman, whom I had formerly known, a Captain Wharton. As I underſtood from him, that he lived in that part of the country to which I was going, I truſted him with the purpoſe of my journey, and received from him that intelligence which has ſent me thus ſpeedily back again. I am extremely rejoiced to hear that this poor boy is ſo much better, and, I truſt, we ſhall be able, in ſome meaſure, to atone, in the care of his intereſts, for the injuries which his unfortunate mother has ſuſtained.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY PROCEEDS.

TO communicate to poor Ned intelligence, which raiſed him from his preſent miſery to a ſtate of bliſs, probably, as complete as this world will afford, was a grateful taſk to the heart of Colonel Walſingham; but as he ſaw that ſuch a communication muſt be cautiouſly performed, he judged it proper to relieve his mind from its depreſſion by the news, for the preſent, of the diſcovery of Betſy only. It would be vain to attempt a

deſcription of the joy which poor Ned experienced on this occaſion; it operated as a moſt ſovereign medicine, and, in a very few days, he felt no more of his bruiſes.

As Colonel Walſingham left Ned's chamber he heard a knock at the ſtreet door, and, on entering Sir James's ſtudy to take his leave of him for the morning, he was ſurpriſed by the ſight of Lord Derham. After a few words concerning Ned's ſituation to Sir James, and a few inquiries concerning his couſin to Lord Derham, he was about to retire, when Lord Derham ſaid, "Sydney, I have nothing to ſay to Sir James but what you may hear—what, indeed, as related to the family, you ought to hear."—Upon this Col. Walſingham

Walſingham reſumed his ſeat, and Lord Derham continued as follows:—"Sir James, you are related to Sir Harry Sapſworth, and he had for ſome time the good fortune to be under your care as a guardian. I do not know to whom I ought rather to apply under the circumſtances that have occurred to day, than to yourſelf: Let me briefly acquaint you with them:

On calling on my lawyer this morning, I was extremely ſurpriſed to hear that the title deeds of an eſtate, which was to have been ſettled on my daughter, were not among the papers ſent for his peruſal. I went immediately to Sir Harry's houſe to get this circumſtance explained, where I was informed, that he had ſet out laſt night

for

for the Continent. This, on the eve of his marriage, added to the ſtrange appearance of ſome fellows, who ſeemed to be in poſſeſſion of the houſe, gave me ſome alarm—In ſhort, I have that confidence in your character, Sir James, that, where the future welfare of (I am proud to ſay it) the beſt of children gives me ſo ſtrong a claim, I am ſure, I ſhall receive from you, notwithſtanding your connexion with Sir Harry, every information in your power, as to the ſituation of his affairs."

After a pauſe of ſome moments, Sir James ſaid, "Give me leave to be frank in my turn: I cannot but be ſurpriſed, after what has happened, that your Lordſhip ſhould think of this union at all!" — "Explain yourſelf, Sir."

Sir." — "Why, my Lord, I am perfectly aſſured that you tender your daughter's happineſs moſt dearly."— "Dearly, indeed! it is the only care I have on earth."—"By every account I hear of her, ſhe is well worthy of it. Fame ſpeaks of her as a moſt amiable young Lady."—"It does her no more than juſtice then." Walſingham was too much intereſted in this converſation to beſtow a word even on the merits of his couſin.—"Then, ſurely, my Lord, ſuch a girl has little chance of happineſs with a man, whoſe moral character is ſuch as Sir Harry's muſt have appeared to your Lordſhip." "To me! — his moral character!"— "From the reſult of ſome inquiries, which I was requeſted to make the other day, not abſolutely by this gentleman,

tleman, for I had not then the happineſs of his acquaintance, but by Capt. Seymour, as I underſtood, at his intreaty." He pauſed. Colonel Walſingham now found himſelf called upon to diſcover to Lord Derham the whole of Sir Harry's conduct as to Betſy, and gratified him with the news of the ſafety of his old ſergeant's daughter.

Lord Derham underwent various agitations during this narrative; but they were at laſt all buried in the joy he felt at the eſcape of his amiable daughter from the clutches of ſuch a man. He chid Sydney for not acquainting him before with the conduct of Sir Harry, never recollecting that ſo few days had paſſed ſince the diſcovery, and that no opportunity of ſuch com-

communication had occurred. He at length took his leave, but not till Walſingham and Sir James had promiſed to dine with him.

The cloth was no ſooner removed than Sir James acquainted Lord Derham with the diſcoveries which had been made as to Ned, and a converſation enſued, which laſted till a loud knocking at the door announced Miſs Derham's return from the country. She entered the dining room, where ſhe ſtaid juſt long enough to be introduced to Sir James, and retired to preſide at the tea table, to which Lord Derham expreſſed a wiſh to be ſummoned as ſoon as it was ready. Walſingham ſtole out of the room after her, that he might be the firſt to announce

nounce to her the ſingular change in the affairs of young Sanford, which he was ſure would, on Betſy's account, rejoice her very much. She was aſtoniſhed and pleaſed at the communication, and, after a ſhort converſation on the ſubject, I have, ſaid ſhe, alſo ſomething to communicate; but, added ſhe, ſomewhat gravely, "it will not, perhaps, have much novelty to recommend it to you." She then produced a letter, which Walſingham opened. This letter was as follows:

"Madam,

"Several circumſtances compel me, however reluctantly, to renounce the claim to your hand, which I had once the honour to maintain, and I am now about to leave this kingdom,

perhaps

perhaps for a conſiderable portion of my future life. If I judge rightly of the motive which produced the interference of your relation, Colonel Walſingham, in affairs in which I cannot, I confeſs, otherwiſe account for ſuch interference, you will conceive no very poignant anguiſh at this declaration, from one who has ſtill the honor to be,

With the profoundeſt reſpect,

Your very devoted ſervant,

HARRY SAPSWORTH."

Walſingham pauſed for ſome time after he had read this letter, and at length ſaid, "Leſt you ſhould imagine that

that my conduct has afforded ſome ground for the inſinuation contained in this letter, I will lay the whole of it before you. As ſoon as I was fully convinced that Sir Harry was concerned in the infamous ſcheme of carrying off Braddyl's daughter, I made a point of ſeeing him. I met him at the Opera, and begged half an hour's converſation with him. We adjourned to a neighbouring tavern: I there aſked him whether he knew the author of the letter, ſuppoſed to be written by the girl herſelf, imputing to me a partnerſhip in her flight. He denied that he knew any thing of it. I confeſs I rather judged the letter to have been a forgery of that raſcal, his ſervant; but I wiſhed to have it explained, and thought it a proper introduction to

that

that which was the chief cauſe of my requeſting an interview with him. I felt myſelf bound by every tie to tell you what I had diſcovered concerning this girl: I felt myſelf bound to tell him that I would do ſo. I did it very conciſely, and juſtified my intended conduct as a relation. Some words enſued: I was in uniform. Sir Harry had dined with a party after the drawing-room, and was full dreſſed. I did not know that he had very lately been wounded in the arm; he carried it in his boſom, but he wore no ſling. When I diſcovered it, I apologized for ſome expreſſions I had uſed, which would not have been juſtifiable had I known his ſituation; but left him with a declaration, that, if his addreſſes

continued,

continued, you ſhould be acquainted with the whole of the tranſaction.

This is all that has paſſed between us." Miſs Derham gently chid her couſin for a conduct which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe conſidered as rather too nice, when Lord Derham and Sir James joined them, and the evening was ſpent in comments on the ſingular change in the affairs of the young couple whom they protected; for Colonel Walſingham had very ſoon acquainted Sir James with the attachment which he had witneſſed between them. Miſs Derham ſaid every kind thing that her heart dictated in favour of her little protegee. Sir James declared, that Ned had found a relation in him; but truſted, that he would never diſ-

cover

cover an oppreſſor; and it was agreed, that, if Ned was well enough, the party ſhould ſet out for Derham-Down in the courſe of the week, which was already above half ſpent.

CHAP. XXXV.

ANOTHER JOURNEY INTO WESTMORELAND.

COLONEL Walſingham no ſooner learned that Betſy was gone to Derham than he diſpatched a ſhort note to Braddyl, to acquaint him with Ned's ſafety, which gave great pleaſure

ſure to the good old ſergeant and his wife, and ſhed a delicious calm over the mind of their lovely daughter.

It was on a moſt delightful afternoon that the little three-legged table (formerly mentioned) was again placed under the apple-tree, and Mrs. Braddyl's tea equipage ſet out with due decorum. Betſy brought out three chairs, and called her father from his work, which was no other than the compleating a piece of the garden paling, through a gap in which the pig had contrived to find his way to ſome tempting young cabbage plants. She ſeated herſelf by her mother, and producing a piece of cloth, which ſhe was employed in making into a ſhirt for her father, gave one end of it to

her little brother, who was climbing up her knees, to hold, in order to keep him quiet, which he did with all the gravity of a train-bearer to a Lord Chancellor, while ſhe proceeded on the other. Braddyl ſoon joined them, and the converſation turned on the happy return of Betſy, and the ſafety of her deliverer, whom Braddyl declared that he longed to take by the hand, when it was interrupted by the ſound of carriages. Betſy flew to look down the road; ſhe ſaw Lord Derham's coach and ſix.—"Father, father," cried ſhe, "my Lord is come!" Braddyl joined her in an inſtant. Betſy could not take her eyes off the carriage. On the moment that ſhe ſaw it, ſhe conceived a hope that ſhe ſhould ſee Ned among the outriders. Poor

Betſy! when the equipage was paſſed, and no Ned appeared, her countenance fell, and ſhe was about to reſume her work—when ſhe ſaw the carriage ſtop, and Lord Derham, his daughter, and Colonel Walſingham, get out, ſhe flew towards her beloved patroneſs, trembling with gratitude and love. She was ready to throw her arms about her neck; but, as if recollecting ſuddenly the difference of their ſtations, ſhe ſtopped ſhort, bluſhed deeply, and dropped a low and reſpectful curteſy. Miſs Derham ſaw this conflict. She ſmiled ſweetly upon her, and, throwing her arms around her, preſſed her gently to her boſom. When Colonel Walſingham taxed his charming couſin, on the next day, with having wept at this interview, ſhe ſaid, that,

after

after ſhe had kiſſed her little girl, ſhe found her cheek wet with the tears which ſtood in her eyes. This was probably true; but, as ſhe paſſed her handkerchief acroſs her own eyes too, there is ſome reaſon to believe that Walſingham was in the right.

In a moment, however, ſhe recovered herſelf, and, ſmiling archly on Lord Derham, ſaid, "My Lord, do you know the carriage that is coming?" "How ſhould I know it?" ſaid the old gentleman, with ſome fun in his countenance: "I know it has followed us a long time; do you know it, Betſy?" — "No, Madam." Betſy's attention was thus called to a very handſome poſt-chaiſe, juſt at the moment in which it ſtopped at her fa-

ther's door. She had no time to conſider it. Before the ſervant could diſmount, the door bounced open, and Ned Sanford ſprang out. He was plainly, but genteelly dreſt. Betſy was ſo overcome with ſurpriſe that ſhe hardly knew him. "Betſy!" ſaid he, "Betſy!" He ſprang forwards, till recollecting how many witneſſes there were to this interview, he ſtopped ſhort, and took her by the hand. He looked round. On one ſide of him he ſaw Sir James Hardy, who had now left his carriage, laughing. He turned to the other ſide; there was a ſmile on every face: He gave a looſe to his affection, and catching his lovely Betſy in his arms, held her for ſome moments ſtrained to his boſom before ſhe could diſengage herſelf, which ſhe did

as ſoon as ſhe could, and ran into the houſe overcome with ſhame and ſurpriſe, and not wholly free from reſentment againſt Ned for the ſtrangeneſs of his conduct. Ned then ſeized Braddyl by the hand, lifted it to his lips, and the ſcene, in which he had experienced from him ſuch marks of warm and diſintereſted friendſhip, ruſhing on his mind, he burſt into tears. When he came to Mrs. Braddyl, ſhe was ſo affected by the ſcene, that ſhe kiſſed him tenderly, and, obſerving that his cloaths were new, wiſhed him health and ſtrength to wear them.

Lord Derham now ſeeing his old ſerjeant overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment, called him to him, and congratulated him on the recovery of his

ther's door. She had no time to conſider it. Before the ſervant could diſmount, the door bounced open, and Ned Sanford ſprang out. He was plainly, but genteelly dreſt. Betſy was ſo overcome with ſurpriſe that ſhe hardly knew him. "Betſy!" ſaid he, "Betſy!" He ſprang forwards, till recollecting how many witneſſes there were to this interview, he ſtopped ſhort, and took her by the hand. He looked round. On one ſide of him he ſaw Sir James Hardy, who had now left his carriage, laughing. He turned to the other ſide; there was a ſmile on every face: He gave a looſe to his affection, and catching his lovely Betſy in his arms, held her for ſome moments ſtrained to his boſom before ſhe could diſengage herſelf, which ſhe did

as ſoon as ſhe could, and ran into the houſe overcome with ſhame and ſurpriſe, and not wholly free from reſentment againſt Ned for the ſtrangeneſs of his conduct. Ned then ſeized Braddyl by the hand, lifted it to his lips, and the ſcene, in which he had experienced from him ſuch marks of warm and diſintereſted friendſhip, ruſhing on his mind, he burſt into tears. When he came to Mrs. Braddyl, ſhe was ſo affected by the ſcene, that ſhe kiſſed him tenderly, and, obſerving that his cloaths were new, wiſhed him health and ſtrength to wear them.

Lord Derham now ſeeing his old ſerjeant overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment, called him to him, and congratulated him on the recovery of his

daughter, while Walſingham and Miſs Derham did the ſame to Mrs. Braddyl. Lord Derham then ſaid to Sir James Hardy, — "Sir James, I believe we had better go forward to the Down, and leave the young man to explain matters. Sanford, we ſhall expect you to ſupper. Ned bowed very low, and the company retired, leaving Braddyl's family more perplexed than ever. The old man at laſt recovered his ſpeech: "Why, Ned — why—how is all this?—Why—what, what—ha!—why?"—"I will explain all to you in a minute," ſaid Ned, who now perceived that Betſy had gone into the houſe, and in he ran. He found her ſeated in the parlour. The tumult of her mind had found vent in tears, and ſhe was crying heartily.

Ned

Ned ſoon contrived to ſooth her, and before they returned into the orchard, upon Mrs. Braddyl's ſummons to the tea table, he had explained to Betſy the heads of his ſtory, which, in the courſe of this happy meal, was pretty fully communicated to her father and mother. After a few hours paſt in a ſtate of happineſs, which kings might envy, Ned reluctantly retired to ſup at the Down.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE CONCLUSION.

IT will be readily ſuppoſed that Colonel Walſingham had, before their arrival in the country, acquainted Lord Derham with his affection for his lovely daughter. In doing this he communicated intelligence highly acceptable to his Lordſhip, who frankly told him ſo. To this alliance, indeed, no one objection ſeemed to occur, in point of fortune. Walſingham was, by the death of his uncle, rendered an eligible party, and, in point of family, he

he boaſted the blood of Lord Derham himſelf, without being ſo nearly allied to him, as to render their conſanguinity the ſmalleſt obſtacle to the intended union; for though, in the country phraſe, they called Couſins, yet Walſingham was more indebted for this conſtant claim of relationſhip on the part of Lord Derham, to the reſpect and affection which his Lordſhip had borne towards his father, and which he himſelf had inherited, than to any great proximity of blood.

As to Ned Sanford, ſince he had been admitted, in the ſuperior ſtation of a companion, to the reſpectable family at Derham-Down, he had very much conciliated the affection and eſteem of every one. He poſſeſſed, to a great

degree, that modeſty which is the invariable attendant on genius, or rather the offspring of thoſe acute feelings, and that delicate ſenſibility, without which genius cannot be conſtituted; nor did there ever exiſt a man of ſplendid talents without this virtue, though ſome few have been induced to view it, through the medium of inferior minds, as an enemy to the exertion of their talents, and have contrived to ſubdue it; a taſk ſo painful, that I will venture to ſay no portion of that ſiniſter fame, which can alone be acquired without it, can form an adequate compenſation for the labour.

It is a ſubject at once of aſtoniſhment and pity, to behold the attempts of weak and misjudging parents, to

ſtifle this virtue in their children, under the idea that it is an enemy to their riſe in the world, as if to diſguſt ſociety was the only road to its favour and protection! In certain ſituations, indeed, modeſty may prove a bar to preferment; thoſe ſituations, however, are but few, and it is to be regretted that they exiſt at all; but beyond a certain pitch of elevation, the man who wants this eſſential, this endearing quality, can, in no ſituation, arrive. Wealth may, perhaps, be acquired without it, but ſuperior rank, and exalted ſtation, the admiration—the eſteem—the reverence of mankind, are only to be conciliated by thoſe, whoſe talents they are permitted to unveil; and this, perhaps, has a deeper foundation than the more revolting effects of thoſe perpetual attacks on the modeſty and ſelf-

love of others, which impudence is perpetually engaged in; for the world is perfectly aware, that the man of ſuperior talents poſſeſſes a mind too much enlightened as to the acquiſitions of others, and the limits of his own underſtanding, not to be extremely diffident with reſpect to his endowments; while the ſuperficial man always thinks highly of the little he enjoys. No man is a ſucceſsful hypocrite as to his opinion of himſelf; the modeſty, therefore, of the one, and the vanity of the other, are equally conſpicuous. But the reſpect of Ned, for the patroneſs of his Betſy, amounted almoſt to adoration! The beauty of her perſon — the cultivation of her mind — the benevolence of her heart—added to the poliſh of the firſt manners—

manners—ſeen and felt, for the firſt time, by a lad of ſo much ſenſibility, made him look upon her as a being of a ſuperior order. Nor was ſhe ſlow in diſcovering the talents and virtues of Ned, which, in a more genial climate, began abundantly to unfold themſelves; and ſhe felt happy that her little protegèe was likely to unite her fate to that of a young man, who promiſed to be ſo deſerving of her.

On the morning, after their arrival, Walſingham, accompanied by Sir James Hardy, to whom he had related the whole of Betſy's ſtory, walked down to Braddyl's, having firſt engaged Miſs Derham to take Ned on a ride with her, that he might be out of the way, as Sir James wiſhed to form ſome judgment

judgment of Betſy from this interview. It was impoſſible that a man of diſcernment ſhould fail to admire the ſimple virtues and unadorned underſtanding of this lovely girl. He was charmed with her, and, taking Braddyl aſide, he communicated to him his intention, if the affection, which ſubſiſted between the young people, ſhould withſtand a ſhort term of probation, for he thought them yet too young to be thoroughly acquainted with their own minds on the ſubject, to forward an union between Betſy and his nephew, to whom he propoſed ceding ſo much of his income, as ſhould put him perfectly at his eaſe in the ſituation of a gentleman.

Braddyl

Braddyl received this declaration with a modeſt dignity. He thanked Sir James for his intentions in his daughter's favour, which, he ſaid, gave him great pleaſure, not ſo much on account of the acceſſion to the lad's fortune, as from the real eſteem which he felt for him; "though," ſaid he, "I am a little obliged to fortune too, for in his former ſtation I could not have married my girl to him without, perhaps, cauſing the miſery of both." "If he ſhould ever forget your friendſhip towards him, he will be unworthy of my eſteem," ſaid Sir James; "from what I know of him, however, that will never be the caſe." Mrs. Braddyl now aſked when they ſhould ſee the young gentleman?—Colonel Walſingham ſmiled; he told her, he gueſſed that

that the day would not paſs without a viſit from him, and Sir James and he retired together. About an hour after they were gone, Betſy, who was ſtanding at the door, called to her mother, and ſaid, with a laugh which ſhe could ſcarcely ſtifle, "Mother! mother! who is that gentleman who is talking with neighbour Sea-Coal?" Mrs. Braddyl looked out, and ſaw Ned in a neat riding dreſs, in conference with the farrier, for he had called on all his old friends in the village—"As I live," ſaid ſhe, "it is young Mr. Sanford! Betſy, child, what a blowſe you are! Do ſmooth your hair a little, pray." Ned ſaw and ran to them. Mrs. Braddyl could not help curtſeying. Betſy called him Mr. Sanford, and received a tap on the cheek, which he

termed

termed a box of the ear; it would not have killed a gnat. Ned dined with them, and returned in the evening to the Down.

As ſoon as the preliminaries could be ſettled, Sydney Walſingham received the firſt bleſſing this life could afford him in the hand of his lovely couſin, Miſs Derham. It would be idle to attempt a deſcription of the happineſs which filled his breaſt on this occaſion. Words would convey no idea of it to thoſe who cannot feel, and a very feeble one to thoſe who can. They were not, however, ſo wholly ingroſſed by their own bliſs, as to be unmindful of that of their young friends. Sir James had reſolved that Ned ſhould reſide for ſome time with

a clergyman, in the neighbourhood of Capt. Wharton, who had the reputation of a man of taſte and learning, in order to prepare him for the univerſity of Cambridge, to which he propoſed to ſend him for a ſhort period, previous to his marriage with Betſy.

Miſs Derham requeſted that a ſufficient ſum ſhould be reſerved to her in her ſettlement, if the projected union between young Sanford and her favourite ſhould not take place, to purchaſe for her a comfortable annuity. "I do not," ſaid ſhe to Colonel Walſingham, "reſerve this becauſe I diſtruſt you, but I wiſh to have the act my own." Having thus ſecured her little favourite againſt any danger of ſuffering from narrowneſs of income, after ſhe

ſhe ſhould have received an educati
calculated to do her credit in the ſupe-
rior ſtation to which ſhe was, probably,
deſtined, ſhe made it a requeſt to
Walſingham, that ſhe herſelf might
beſtow on Betſy thoſe accompliſhments
which alone were wanting to qualify
her for ſhining in any ſphere. Wal-
ſingham, who knew no will but hers,
embraced the propoſal with joy, and
Betſy was invited to the Down, at
which place Walſingham reſided for
ſome time after his marriage, and, in-
deed, till he was lucky enough to pur-
chaſe an eſtate at no great diſtance.

Sir Harry Sapſworth might, proba-
bly, have decoyed Miſs Derham, or ra-
ther her father, into an union with him,
broken as his fortunes were, had it not
been

been for the cautious obſtinacy of a Scotchman, who was one of the chief agents in his ruin, and who had contrived to obtain the beſt ſecurity for the large debts which were due to him; this fellow, who had left his own country bare-foot, and ſoon after his arrival in this metropolis obtained the ſituation of porter in a tradeſman's warehouſe, poſſeſſed all the ſteady perſeverance of his countrymen: This perſeverance, directed towards the accumulation of wealth, and unchecked by any one principle of any thing like virtue, was crowned by the attainment of a ſplendid fortune. Byſtanding in the place of thoſe good men in the city, who, though they have no objection to their ſhare in the ſpoils of a young heir, are too modeſt to avow their ſhare in his

ruin;

ruin; by aſſuming all the infamy attending the tranſactions he engaged in, with a moderate ſhare of the profits, he became ſoon enabled to ſet up in this trade on his own bottom, and a glorious trade it was before my Lord Loughborough's bill, in ſome degree, fettered it: He ſtill, however, continues to piddle on, and had the impudence to propoſe himſelf as a candidate for a ſeat in the ſenate at a late general election; it is a pity the country is deprived of the advantage which muſt have reſulted from ſuch a combination of knowledge and integrity.

This man had a conſiderable mortgage on one of the eſtates of Sir Harry, which was to have been ſettled on

on Miſs Derham. Various overtures were made to him, with an offer of any other ſecurity, and a promiſe of the payment of the money immediately upon the marriage, to induce him ſo far to relinquiſh the title deeds of which he was in poſſeſſion, that they might be forth coming, when called for. To theſe applications, however, he turned a deaf ear, and his refuſal was, probably, a motive to induce Sir Harry to retreat, at a more early period than he would otherwiſe have choſen, to the Continent. On the Continent he now lives, in exile; for the ruined ſtate of his affairs affords him little proſpect of a return to his native country. Contempt, the ſure companion of a diſhoneſt poverty, attends him; and, if he continues, a rapid

diſſipation

diſſipation of the little wealth which remains in his poſſeſſion, that contempt will ſo far increaſe, as to qualify him for the ſociety of his quondam ſervant, Mr. Black, who found it convenient to retire alſo. They may then, perhaps, form a reſpectable addition to a reſpectable ſociety of their countrymen, at a ſea-port in a neighbouring kingdom, till ſuch time as Mr. Black ſhall meet his reward in a halter; that period is not, probably, at a great diſtance, for ſo little is the contemptible cunning of ſuch men allied to true wiſdom, that no adage is more confirmed by daily experience than the trite one — "Give a villain rope enough, and he will hang himſelf."

Luke

Luke Level, by means of an acquaintance of the ſame perſuaſion, has obtained a place in London, where, probably, his cautious conduct, and nice conſcience, will be more amply rewarded than in the little village of Derham; it is dangerous for a man, to whom any diſguiſe is neceſſary, to paſs his life in a confined ſociety.

As for our friend, Ned Sanford, he made a rapid progreſs in his ſtudies; but his love increaſing as his mind expanded, for the charms of Betſy ſent forth new bloſſoms daily as a reward to the foſtering care of her lovely patroneſs, Sir James, after having conſulted Lord Derham and Colonel Walſingham, conſented to his union with the object of his wiſhes. A marriage,

then,

then, performed at Derham-church, in the preſence of the family at the Down, crowned, with tranſcendent bliſs, the pure and laſting affection which had ſo long hallowed the boſoms of this amiable young couple: After which they ſet out for Oxford, at which place, inſtead of Cambridge, Walſingham, who had all that partiality for the ſcene of his education, which, perhaps, the warmeſt hearts are the quickeſt to feel, requeſted he might be permitted to proſecute his ſtudies. On their arrival they took lodgings oppoſite —— College, of which Sanford was entered. Sir James Hardy, to whom the place of his reſidence was indifferent, took a houſe about ſeven miles from the Univerſity, whither, as ſoon as each term is over, the young couple retire. Sir James

Hardy certainly acted with great prudence when he consented to the marriage of young Sanford, before he suffered him to enter at the University. A young man, wholly unaccustomed to society, of a warm heart and vivid imagination, would have found it difficult to resist the spirit of dissipation in the company of those with whom it would have been his lot to associate. At an age, when the blood flows rapidly, when the passions are at their height, and the fancy glowing, it is in vain to expect prudence; those hearts, in the composition of which those virtues have a place, which, when experience shall have given a check to their extravagances, are calculated to form the best men, have, probably, the least of it.

Sir James has rendered Braddyl and his wife independent, which a ſmall addition to the fruits of the ſerjeant's frugality and induſtry has enabled him to do. He has ſettled five hundred pounds a year on Ned Sanford, and is about the purchaſe of an eſtate for him, near the families of their reſpected patrons.

As Sir James has no family by his firſt wife, and has declared his intention never to marry again, it is highly probable that this young man will inherit a great portion of his ample fortune. His ſtation in ſociety will then be diſtinguiſhed—a ſtation, which there is every reaſon to believe, from the expanding qualities of his head and heart, he will fill with honour to himſelf,

ſelf, and advantage to thoſe around him. Genius, in the conſtitution of which the beſt qualities of the head and heart muſt unite, is that combination of ſingular endowments, without which no truly great man was ever formed; but as it is calculated to raiſe its poſſeſſor to the ſummit of human honour, by the benefits which it enables him to confer on human ſociety, ſo is it rare in its exiſtence, and of exceeding charge to its poſſeſſor—of ſo much, indeed, as to tend decidedly to the preſervation of that due balance, which we every where find preſerved in the diſtribution of happineſs to mankind, and to render that poſſeſſor by no means to be envied by the man of inferior endowments; yet, when he ſhall have eſcaped through thoſe perils to

which

which this dangerous burthen ſhall have ſubjected him, he ſhall ſurely diſcover, and glory in the riches of his poſſeſſion. The period ſhall ſurely arrive, when that acute and ſubtile power of perception, whoſe primary efforts have almoſt invariably led him aſtray, ſhall, by a reſtleſs inveſtigation of the vaſt world which is open before him, acquire ſuperior powers, and a juſtice of aim hitherto unknown, and by the various combination of cauſes, with effects, and of each, with each other, attain to ſplendid diſcoveries. That warm heart, whoſe quick ſenſibility grows arrogant at the conſciouſneſs of his own endowments, and unites with his keen perceptions of beauty, in all its combinations, only to render him the ſlave of others, when the powers of his mind

ſhall

ſhall have expanded ſo far as to attain to their laſt diſcovery, that of their own limits, ſhall loſe all its arrogance in the contemplation of that Creator, who, having beſtowed ſo much, has yet left us at ſo immeaſurable a diſtance from his own wiſdom; while the expanſion of his powers, and his conſciouſneſs of their comparative imbecility, ſhall equally operate to direct aright the native warmth of his heart, and an univerſal benevolence will be the reſult; aware of his own weakneſs, and convinced how often it has thwarted his beſt intents, he will compaſſionate every being involved, like himſelf, in a perpetual ſtruggle between his virtues and his failings. It is then that we ſhall behold thoſe powers of imagination,

tion, which have formerly aſſiſted the power of the appetites, and whoſe worthieſt employment it has, perhaps, been, to give a kind of dignity to indolence, undertake a nobler taſk. Where the powers of perception, operating upon objects before them, find themſelves paled in, imagination ſhall take her flight; ſhe ſhall bring back with her new and wonderful objects to aſſiſt the faculty of combination; man ſhall be taught to receive inſtruction in the garb of delight—even a new field of inſtruction ſhall be opened—he ſhall be taught the more to reſpect himſelf, and the more to venerate his Creator, while he contemplates this new effort of the human mind; an effort in which the ſoul ſeems, for a ſhort excurſion, to

ſhake

ſhake off the fetters which bind her to the body, and as if, for a period, permitted to exerciſe thoſe pure and ſublime faculties, which argue her the work, and ſurely connect her, in ſome degree, with the

BEING OF THE DEITY HIMSELF.

9 MR 53

FINIS.